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When pretty 19-year-old Claire Fitch failed to return home one night her mother called police because this had never happened hefore. They found her hody in abloated section of a public park. Claire had heen strangled! Her mother vaid she had neve heen allowed to have dates hut the police investigation unsearthed a shocking story of forhilden romanner. "MARE "EM DIE A LITTLE

BEFORE THEY DIE" They took the first two seats at

Incy took the irrst two seas at the hur, near the door, and ordered a couple of beers. One of them, the ugty, skinny one, kicked hack his stool and stood up, sticking his fists across the polished wood toward the hartender. Each fist held a heavy-ealibered automatic pistol.

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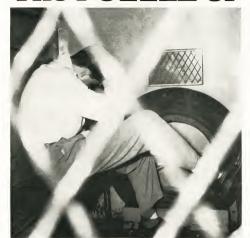
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The PUZZLE of PAUL PFEFFER



TWICE IN TWO YEARS HE IS ACCUSED OF MURDER



but he was not. He was Paul An-

HE STOOD two inches above six feet, with 200 pounds of solid beef packed around a rawboned frame. Dark, challenging eyes flickcred beneath heavy brows in a strong-jawed face at least nassably good-looking, but in no wise classically handsome. He wore his black hair in a long pompadour, ducktailed in the back, a touch of foopishness that seemed out of place when he brushed his locks with his meaty hands, the mitts of a truck driver's helper, which he was. From appearance he could have been a quite ordinary young man

thony Pfeffer 21 years old in the summer of 1953. And on the threshold of full manhood he was also on the brink of a destiny that would fling him into the limbo of the live ing dead and then snatch him back from it by a million-to-one shot stroke of luck to give him a new chance at happiness.

But Paul Pfeffer was a human enigma who would boot away this incredible good fortune. Why? Probably even he doesn't know. Perhans no one could solve the riddle of Paul Pfeffer: not a few have tried: relatives, friends, a girl, counsellors-but without success. Here, however, are the nieces in his listensy career or as many of them as are available, for there certainly are donths in his nersonality which never have been plumbed. He was born in a poverty-blighted

neighborhood on the far outskirts of Brooklyn. He was orphaned before he reached his teens. Descrived of parental affection, his education stunted his almost elemental wants more often unfulfilled than not, he entered adolescence with a chip on

CARLOS LANE



Bates, found beaten to death in a ear,

Interrogation of assaulted man, Harry Meyer, by Asst. D. A. Royal Riley finally linked Pfeffer to second death



der was so big it was bad medicine for anyone who nurtured the idea of brushing the chip away. He first got into trouble with the

cops when he was 14 and was pieked up in South Carolina as a runaway. He was in hot water more than once for brutal brawling with his fits, He learned to lie and steal with equal ability. At 17 he was arrested for felonious assault after threatening a woman with a

hunting knife.

At Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, the brain doctors said he was sane and fairly normal, and the woman refused to press the charge, so there was no prosecution. Two years later he was sent to Elmira Reformatory for a three-year stretch after forsine his landlock's

name to a check.

He served 21 months, earning his parole on February 2nd, 1953. He went to live in Rocksaway Beach, mainly a summer resort on a narrow spit of land fronting on the Atlantic, a part of New York City's borough of Queens. Paul soon ceased making his regular reports to his parole

officer, and dropped out of sight. Early on the Sunday morning of August 23rd, four youths and two girls disembarked from an elevated train at Rockaway Beach and headed down a sandy, tree and brush fringed street to cross a yacant lot

to the ocean.

They paused to admire a flashy yellow Cadillac convertible parked in the road—Beach 104th Street—and a very few moments later six breathless, badly frightened young people dashed up to Patrolman Robert Kellem, on beach patrol.

"A dead guy, blood all over him, stretched out in a car!" blurted one. They led the officer to the dead-end street and the yellow Caddy.

A young man in swim trunks and beach jacket lay face up on the front seat, his legs beneath the wheel. His head was battered, his face a mask of dried blood.

maks or dreft mode. Lieutenant Joseph Dolan and Detective James Cox of the Beach Squad and Detective Damei Halloran of Homiede identified hun, from dog tags around his throat, as Edward Bette, a Seebee. A walled, the stacked pile of clothing in the rear of the car, further identified him as a 21-year-old resident of Army ville, Long Island, a suburban villlage 30 miles to the east

There was a little change, but no

bills in the wallet. The pants bore one bloodstain. Two smudged bloody handprints were on the canvas top of the convertible, above the right front door. A search of the sandy roadway and of the brushchoked lots adjoining it turned up no murder weapon.

Inspector Edward Feeley, commanding all detectives in Queens, assigned 75 men to trace the activities of Eddie Bates along the beach through Saturday and Saturday night until the time of his murder,

which the medical examiner set at between 3 and 4:30 a.M.

The Queens detectives thoroughly covered the fun district along the beach. They found witnesses who had seen Eddie Bates walk out of a tavern with an unidentified young man at 3 a.M. And they came upon a pair of petters who, at about 4:30, had driven must be deened of

Beach 104th Street and had seen a man standing near the yellow Cadillac.

"This fellow was pretty tall, with kind of stooped shouders," the young man of the couple said. "As we drove in, he walked away from the yellow convertible. We didn't see him very plain, but I think he had

dark hair."

Neither the 100th Squad detectives nor the uniformed men in the Rockaway Beach precinct could, offhand, deliver up a possible suspect with these qualifications.

Then Detectives Cox and Halloran sought out John Finnerty, parole officer for the beach district. Finnerty thought for awhile. "I had a man," he said then. "He stopped reporting to me a month or

six weeks ago. I've wanted him for violating his parole, but haven't been able to locate him. Wait till I pull his folder." The dossier on Paul Pfeffer interested Cox and Halloran. Here was

ested Cox and Halloran. Here was a young man who generally fitted the description of the man seen near Bates' car at 4:30 a.m. Sunday. Tall, husky, dark-haired, with slightly round shoulders. But, more important, his background notched perfectly into what they were seek-

ing.

He was an habitual brawler, according to his record, quick-tempered, ready to pick a fight and unmercful to an opponent less able than himself in physical combat. There had been numerous complaints against him, but no arrests, usually because the victim feared.

to risk another onslaught by signing a formal complaint against

Pfeffer.

An alarm on Pfeffer resulted, some hours later, in a tip that he had a girl friend in Brooklyn. With the cooperation of Brooklyn police, Cox and Halloran located the apartment of the girl—and found Pfeffer. He made no attempt to resist as they seized and cuffed him.

On Thursday morning they had a confession.

In it, Pfeffer said that he went for a drive alone, ending up in Rockaway Beach.

Here, he continued, he visited several bars, then started back to Brooklyn. But he wanted to avoid a toll bridge to the mainland, fearful that an officer on duty might recognize him as a parolec unlawfully operating a car. In trying to turn around to take a longer route backer tonly when the said, he induced that the said of the

"This big yellow job was there," he said. "My lights shined on it, and I saw this guy at the wheel. I just kind of wondered what he was doing there, all by himself.

"Then he yells at me: 'What are you looking at?' I told him, 'You.' He says to me, 'What are you, a wise guy?' I got out of my car and walked over."

He slugged Bates several times, Pfeffer went on, then blew his too completely, got a lug wrench and struck the unconscious seaman two vicious blows on the head. After making his confession.

After making his confession, Pfeffer posed willingly enough for newspaper cameramen, but he was sullen in court when arraigned before a magistrate.

"What is this about homicide?" he sneered. "I don't understand." He was found sane after paychiatric observation, and was brought to trial early in January of 1954. Pfeffer now repudiated his confes-

sion.

It took an all-male jury only seven and one-half hours to convict Paul Pfeffer of second-degree murder, however. Early in April, Judge Milton Wiltsie sentenced him to from 20 years to life, and he was

lodged in Sing Sing prison while his attorneys prepared an appeal. The months passed as Pfeffer sweated out his appeal. In May he was transferred from Sing Sing to Great Meadows prison at Comstock, New York, Here he was immediate. ly assigned no job. He found little to do except play handball and listen to the radio.

If, on June 2nd, he heard a broadcast about the attack on 14-year-old Dorothy Westwater in New York City, he probably gave the tragedy no more than passing attention. However, this crime was to be a great turning point in his life.

Dorothy was stabbed, beaten and raped in a hallway of her apartment house at 435 East 66th Street in

Manhattan.

Two neighborhood women, just before they discovered the unconscious girl, got a glimpse of a tall young man hurrying out of the building. Since he had come from the back of the stairway, where Dorothy lay, obviously he was the guilty man.

From descriptions the two wit-

From descriptions the two witnesses gave, artists drew sketches of the rapist which were published in the big daily newspapers as Dorothy lay dying in a hospital.

On June 5th, the morning after the girl did die, Patrolman Gustave Roniger read the headlines and angrily pushed back from the breakfast table.

angrily pushed back from the breakfast table. "There's one guy I'd really like to get," he said to his wife.

On his beat in Rockaway Beach a couple of hours later, the 29-yearold cop halted a 1950 Pontiac whose driver had made a wrong turn into a one-way street. The motorist could not produce a license, and so Roniger took him to the stationhouse nearby.

His name was John Francis Roche. He admitted to having been arrested before, several times. While detectives questioned him, his car was searched. In the back cops found a short iron bar with stains

on one end that looked like blood. Suddenly Roniger remembered the sketch in the paper of Dorothy Westwater's slaver.

In a matter of hours, Roche had confessed not only the sayage slaying of the Westwater girl, but Queens District Attorney T. Vincent Quinn announced that he had well. He had confessed stabbing to death Mrs. Rose Chronik, 83, in her home in East 64th Street, Manhattan, on November 15th. He had said he knitted and killed Marion Brown, a 17-year-old waltiess, in Avnil 8th. And he had admitted the

senseless stabbing of Alexander Ja-



blonka while a passenger in Jablonka's taxicab in East 22nd Street at 2 A.M. on April 16th. Detectives unearthed the infor-

mation that on the night of August 22nd, 1953, Roche had driven with two companions to Rockaway Beach, that he had left them for several hours after midnight, and that he had parked his car only two blocks from Beach 104th Street.

And soon thereafter a newspaper published a story to the effect that Roche had confessed to the murder of Eddie Rates

District Attorney Quinn admitted Roche's this to be true, but labeled Roche's story in the Bates case a "hoax." However Fiefer had told of approaching Bates' Cadillae from the left, but when the body was found the left door was locked, the window raised. Roche had said he went to the right door, which was unlocked when young Bates was found

Pfeffer's statement said he had

touched nothing made the convertible after blungening the victim, which left the bloodstain on Bates' trousers unexplained. Roche said that after clubbing the youth, he balanced hinself with one hand on the top and reached back and took a wallet from clothing on the rear seat, thus possibly explaining many smudges of blood on the cartop, too.

Moreover, Roche saud he had lakon \$5 or \$6 from the pocketbook before restoring it, "and there was some money orders or something," And now it was learned that Eddie Bates, before leaving Norfolk to drive home, had bought six \$10 traveler's checks, that he had cashed on the before head of the cashed on the before heading four never had been found.

In his confession, Pfeffer had described a blanket over the dead boy's legs as "checkered," while Roche correctly said it was an olive drab army blanket.



Royal Riley, Asst. D. A., with weapon that landed Pfeffer (r.) back in jail

There was one other important point. Two days before publication of the details of Roche's statement, two reporters had visited the slaving scene and spent a day combing through the brushy vacant lots adjoining Beach 104th Street. About 150 yards from where Bates' car had stood, they found a foot-long iron pipe. Roche had said that the fatal bludgeon had been a piece of pipe about a foot in length. He said that upon leaving the Cadillac, be went through the brush, seconed a hole in the sand and buried the traveler's checks, which he knew to be worthless to him, and hurled the pipe into a thicket.

The two reporters said that the spot he pointed out was exactly where they had found the pipe.
Paul Pfeffer heard the news of Roche's confession over the prison radio. He sank to his knees. "Thank God," he sald. "I knee they'd find the right man—but I was afraid it would take them years."

His attorneys immediately moved for a new trial. After demurring at first, District Attorney Quinn said he would not oppose such a motion if Pfeffer would submit to lie-detector tests, Pfeffer quickly agreed.

agreed.

He was returned from prison to
the Queens County jail.

At the district attorney's request, the lie tests were administered by Dr. Fabian Rouke, head of the psychology division of Manhatan College and a recognized expert in interpretation of lie-test answer graphs on the pathometer, the type of detector to be used on Pfeffer. Assisting Dr. Rouke was Dr. Timothy Costello of the psychology di-

vision of New York University.

The tests continued for three days, with the course of questions run through four times each day. The experts found Pfeffer's "pattern of response was that Invariably obtained from subjects who are telling the truth."

On the strength of the reports on the lie tests, Pfeffer's lawyers sought a complete dismissal of charges against him in the case of Eddie Bates, but the prosecution balked at

A new theory now had been developed in official quarters about the death of Eddie Bates.

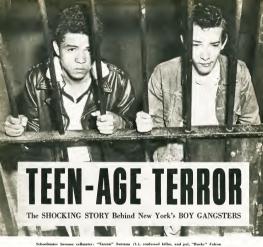
Paul Pfeffer, so this theory ran, had slugged Bates and left him unconscious or dead, and then Roche had come by and added a few more whacks and robbed the victim.

Pfeffer was granted a new trial, however, and—unusual in a firstdegree murder case—was freed in \$10,000 bail.

Meanwhile, the Queens County grand jury had been hearing witnesses in considering a new indictment against him, an unusual move stince he was already under indictment for first-degree murder in the Bates case. The State apparently time on a less that the conviction on a less than the conviction of the conviction of the first-degree charge.

Early in October the grand jury returned an (Continued on page 72)





BY SEYMOUR ETTMAN

On THE LAST NIGHT in the month of April, 1955, was summoned to a litter-strewn vacant lot in New York's North Bronx. He knelt in the weeds beside the lifeless body of a 15-year-old boy and administered the last rites of the church.

last rites of the church.

The dead boy's father stood bareheaded and holloweyed with grief as the words drifted up to him. He tottered and would have fallen had not Police Inspector

Moe Savage gripped his arm to steady him. The prayer was brief. The boy's life had been brief. Even the headlines that blazoned the shocking news across the front pages of Sunday's papers were brief: THEN BIKE GANG KILLS BRONX BOY.

What happened to 15-year-old Billy Blankenship in that empty lot on Wilson and Burke Avenues is not entirely told in the short articles which appeared in the public press. The facts are not simple, and the implications are something less than obvious. It is no easy task to isolate and unravel one individual thread in so confused and murky a tapestry. Too many other threads continually get in the way. Too many questions must



first be posed and answered before the true picture is clear. Set down in its barest essentials, the Blankenship boy met his death because a particularly vicious kid gang, the Navajos, germinated and came to malignant flower in the gritty soil of the Bronx Had the Navajos not killed him, perbaps the Enchanters would, or the Totems or the Latin Kings or the Golden Guineas. Had the victim not been William Blankenship Jr. one family might have been spared a terrible tragedy only to see it visited

The phenomenon of kid gangs is not indigenous to New York Every metropolitan city has its share of them. In New York, however, there is a preponderance of those unhappy circumstances which provide an ideal climate for the growth of young

Of all the five boroughs which make up greater New York. the police run into the greatest concentration of trouble in the Bronx. The black, scum-laden current of the Harlem River does more, it seems, than separate Manhattan from the mainland. It divides two worlds. Although the Harlem beat is certainly no picnic, the Bronx is tougher to patrol. The slums are more vicious, the brawls are more deadly, the fledgling hoods are regimented into neighborhood organizations from Pulaski Park to

The Navajos came into being in the polyglot tenement section around Saint Mary's Park. They eventually dominated an area which extended from Willis Avenue on the east to Bruckner Boulevard on the west. At first, they were content to range North and South from Major Deegan Highway to Teasdale Place. As they became more numerous and more bold, they extended their theatre of operations to include the entire borough.

To speak of the brains of the gang would be a misnomer. Its evil genius, however, was a 14-year-old punk who moved into a

As part of New York's ambitious slum clearance program, a low rental housing project known as

the Edenwald Apartments was built at 229th Street and Laconia Drive. The 14-year-old boy, with his parents and his nine brothers and sisters, moved from Saint Mary's parish into a new four room unit of the

Edenwald development. The fall term had already started in school, and the youth was duly transferred to Haaren High. On his way to class for the first time, be ran afoul of a trio of neighborhood toughs who belonged to a gang

known as the Golden Guineas. The kid knew it was coming. There were no two ways to interpret the familiar hunching of the shoulders, the sadistic smirks, the stiff-

legged strutting of his adversaries. "Where you going, punk?" the smallest of the three accosted him. "School."

The small youth had ferret's eyes and a cruel mouth. He turned to his companions in mock awe. "A pro-

Magistrate Korn: "The press is awake and the police department is awake but the public is asleep and until citizens wake up, this situation will continue



direction in which he should charge at the matador.
"I don't want trouble with you guve..." the new hoy

began.

A hard right smash to the mouth rocked him back on his hels. The taste of his blood was even saltier than he remembered. He began to fail out with both arms. Bright puwheels of pain whirled in his head as a back-hand blow caught him behind the ear. A knee came up hard against his groin, and a clubbed fist on the top of the skull dropped him to the asphalf in a serawline.

heap.

A half an hour later, his clothers ripped and his face bleeding, the new boy reached his home. His mother became hysterical at the sight of him. He shouldered her out of the way and locked himself in the shirtness, became hysterical at the sight of him. He shouldered her out of the way and locked himself in this sould. It took the new boy two days before he would venture from the house. Then, in the dusk, he took a wall to the subway and rode downtown to his old neighborious from the state of the subway and rode downtown to his old neighboring his house of the subway and rode downtown to his old neighboring his house of the subway and rode downtown to his old neighboring his house has been also been also been also been also have been

a new gang.
"Scrungle" Ramirez and Ralph Falcon passed the
word around. In an hour, eight boys were gathered behind the St. Mary's recreation center. They were out-

casts, mostly. They were boys who had been chased by the Saxons on Jackson Avenue, who had been beaten up by the Dappers and the Huns on Pontiac Place.

"We're gonna be the Navajos," their returned cohort told them. "We're gonna be the toughest outfit in the Bronx."

The boys took nicknames by which they would from that time be known. Ralph Falcon was to be Rocky. Frank Santana was to be Tarzan. Their organizer, who was quick to seize the reins of leadership, decided to call himself Superman was to make the course. Black

call himself Superman.

There would be a gang uniform, of course. Black leather motorcycle jackets with chrome hobnail trim.

A Navaje Indian would be painted on the back.
A neciologist, had be been permitted to witness the
birth of the new mob, would have made a number of
the heave mob, would have made a number of
the whips of insecurity and restlessness, bad banded to
gether to find an expression of mass assertion which
was denied them as individuals. They were knitted into
the permitted of the second of the second of the
a common uniform which was a tragic burleaque of
the military. They bestowed upon themselves the fantastic attributes and titles of their favorite comic-book
them that the second of the second of the second of the
Against whom?







BY D.L. CHAMPION

Cy Arthur (L.) had his life insured for \$4000 hy the lady (below) who boarded him at her farmprepared meals for Cy, who later disappeared

THE VICTIM WOULD HAVE

DIED BUT THE MURDERESS

WANTED TO SPEED UP THE

SLAYING WITH A BULLET

THOUGH it wasn't visible to a casual observer, there was no doubt that Mrs. Ella Harris was gifted with an impressive amount of sex appeal. She was not young: neither was she beautiful. She looked every day of her 53 years. She wore glasses on the bridge of a prominent nose and her girdle could not hide the fact

But somehow, men who were certainly old enough to know better found her exceedingly attractive. In 1936, Ella Harris operated a restaurant the reputation of which was as dubious as its food. This

establishment was situated in Davis City, Iowa, a town some 20 miles from Leon, the seat of Decatur County. The clientele of Ella's entery was composed largely of petty thieves, bootleggers and other assorted minor criminals. In the front room of the restaurant she served greasy, unappetizing food. In the rear she sold fiery whiskey from bottles which had never been tainted by contact with federal tax stamps.

She lived on an 80-acre farm with her 70-year-old

husband, John, and her 14-year-old grand-daughter. Letty. And for 13 years Cy Arthur had boarded at the Harris farm house.

Arthur, who was in his 70s, was a retired night watchman from Osceola, Iowa. He drew a monthly pension which invariably found its way into Ella's capacious pocketbook within a few hours after the postman had delivered it. For Cy Arthur was one of the men who had fallen under the woman's peculiar

It was common gossip that Arthur was madly in love with Ella Harris. It was also common govern that this love was not totally unrequited.

However John Harris, who was as much in love with his wife as was the boarder, suspected nothing of this. Neither did Jack Raine, the third man who was inexplicably crazy about Ella Harris

Raine didn't live in the Harris house but he, like Cy Arthur drew a pension which was spent in the back room of Ella's restaurant. All Davis City mar-



veled that Ella Harris, fat and 50, was possessed of at least three lovers, including her busband. And all Davis City was equally aware that, no matter how much any of her gentlemen friends loved Ella, it was a good 50-to-1 bet that she loved money more than she ever loved them.

On January 25th, 1936, Ella Harris drove up to the farm house of Lindley McKay. She took a suitcase from the car and a key from her purse. She unlocked the front door and entered. The house was empty, a fact which didn't at all surprise Ella Harris. She tenk essenti self fromed nightness from the

locked the front door and entered. The house was empty, a fact which didn't at all surprise Ella Harris. She took several gold framed pictures from the walls and packed them in the suitcase. She opened a desk drawer and carefully went through its contents. She was engaged in this when the front door opened and a tall young man came in. It was Garland McKay.

the son of Lindley.

He stared at Ella, then said, "What are you doing here? Where's Dad?"

Bila Harris glanced up from the desk. "Your father's gone off to South Dakota. I'm picking up some stuff here because he owed me some money. He told me to take this junk to square the debt." Garland McKay looked dubious, "Dad's car is out-

Garland McKay looked dubious. "Dad's car is side. So how did he go to South Dakota?"

"He went off with a woman. And that's not your father's car. It's mine."
"You're crazy. I know that car. Dad's had it for

three years."

Ella Harris sighed and assumed the expression of a woman whose patience is being sorely tried. She opened her huge handbag and groped in it. She withdrew a folded paper, handed it to Garland and said.

"Here, read this. Your father signed this car over to me yesterday at the county clerk's office in Leon. It's my car now."

Garland looked at the paper which confirmed Ella's story. He said, "But why? Why should he give you his car?"
"I told you he owed me some money. He settled the

debt by giving me the car and telling me to help myself to whatever was left in the house after the sale." Garland McKay shook his head

"I don't understand this at all," he said. "I'm going over and talk to the County Attorney."

"Go right ahead," said Ella Harris.
"I'm only taking what's rightfully

mine."

Completely puzzled, the young man left the house, climbed into his own car and drove toward Leon to consult County Attorney Dio Me-

Ginnis.

He could not believe that his father had become involved in any dealing with Ella Harris, financially or otherwise. Lindley McKay was a hard-working, church-going farmer. A few years before, his wife had died, Garland had married and died, Garland had married and

moved to a farm of his own.

Lindley, working his 40 acres
alone, had found it too arduous a
task. For two successive years his
crops had failed and he had been
unable to meet the payments on the
mortgage. A week before, he had
been forced to put the farm up for
auction at a public sale.

suction at a public sale.

Only yesterday, Lindley McKay had told his son he was going out to the farm to pick up some personal property, that he would spend the night there for the last time. In the morning, he would move into his son's place.

When Lindley hadn't arrived by mid-afternoon, Garland had gone to the old house. Now, instead of finding his father, he had come upon Ella Harris, who informed him, quite

He told police that he had his choice: to kill Lindley McKay or to be slain himself by the mystery man, "Big Dan"



CLEVER with a KNIFE

BY EDWARD S. SULLIVAN

HAD A SURGEON TURNED HIS TALENTED HAND TO MURDER?

THE ERRATIC Los Angeles River, bone-dry most of the year but flashing into an occasional torrent, is the subject of jokes today since its bed and banks from the San Fernando Valley to the sea have been concreted to end the flood menace. Its brief trickle or deluge now flows decrously down the long straight concrete channel, which most of the time doesn't even look like a river bed and is the dry, sun-backed scene of hot-

rod races and similar events.
Balls a few years ago the river was no joke. Storms in the
Balls a few years ago the river was no joke. Storms in the
Balls a few years ago the river was no joke. Storms in the
bandreds of acres of farms and loveland homes southeast of
the city, to dimmship again just as quickly. Receding of
waters after heavy rains fad unbered in a bosteous April,
the property of the property of the property of the property of the
bottoms. Pieces of broken furrature, lumber, old true, all
sorts of things washed down from the upland communities
to forlow in the recels, potential treasure-trove for the

Divorcee (r.) always put flowers on her mother's grave, and fresh booquets were found there even after her mysterious disappearance





Typed note undergoing scrutiny by lab technician, Deputy Compert, seemed to

equally inaccessible without a boat. It was something grayish white and long, and it danced like a cork in the turbulent muddy flood water. "Wonder what that is?" Ramon

"Wonder what that is?" Ramon shaded his eyes with his hand and squinted at the peculiar piece of flotsam.

"Lots of funny things floating down the river today, nixo," Juan Mandriquez shrugged. "Could be almost anything. We can't bother with it. Come on, let's get bury." Father and son spent the afternoon

Father and son spent the afternoon without much luck in their plodding search for salvage, working downstream as the river waters rapidly ebbed, and at dusk they were turning homeward when sharp-eyed Ramon pointed to a grayish something lying snagged in a clump of marsh reeds, half in, half out of water. "Look Dad There's that thing we

saw floating behind that box—remember?"

They worked their way through the sticky mud to investigate, and a moment later they dropped their burdens and stood sinking to their ankles in the ooze, hastily crossing themselves as they stared with bulging eyes at the frightful thing in the rushes.

It was the headless, armless and legless torso of a woman, completely nude—a grisly hulk cast up by the waters.

Forgetting their salvage hoard.

father and son splashed and scrambled back over the flats and up the bank to the road where they halled a passing motorist, who heard their terrified story and drove them to the office of Constable

Roselle in nearby Compton.

The subtrain constable flashed the electrifying word to the headquarters of Sheriff William I. Traeger in downtown lock Angeles, and shortly after the river salvagers had guided him back in the gathering darkness to the lonely spot in the marshee, they were joined by a party of deputies from the sheriff's Homicide Detail and the corners' soffice, followed by a carbact of news-

It was an eerie scene in the desolate mud-flats as they examined the butchered torso under the glow of fashlights. There wasn't much they could determine. The greesome find lay like a broken marble statue, dark gashes where arms, legs and bead had been.

napermen.

"I'd say it was a young girl about 20," one of the coroner's men pronounced, "and she hasn't been in the water very long. Maybe a day or so."

Juan Mandriquez and his son told them about the mysterious looking nailed-up box that had preceded

regular, thing of river salvage, for meager profils, By noon on the crisp spring morning of April 4th, the air clear and electric and the mountains etched against a vival blue sky after the storm, the river level was falling rapidly. Juan Mandriquez and his son, 14year-old Ramon, set out from their home on Wright Road in Lynwood, near Long Beach, to comb the west bank for items of possible salvage value.

It was young Ramon who spotted a large square box floating downstream. "Mira, Padre—that looks like a brand new box, with the lid nailed on! Must be something in it!"

Father and son waded into the shallows and tried to reach the box with their long poles, but it was too far out and was being carried along too swiftly.

Regretfully, they watched the intriguing mystery box float farther from their reach and become a bobbing speck disappearing in the direction of the ocean. Then, as they turned back, they glimpsed a strange object about a hundred yards behind the box and the torso down the river, and the officers agreed that it the very likely contained the head and the missting men bers. A party of men went downstream to search for it, without much hope in the darkness, while the seven while the river trunk was loaded into the corner's black van and removed to the county morsus.

There Dr. A. F. Wagner, chief autopay surgeon, began his examination at once, white Captain William J. and the property of the

Wher than the obvious and nortid dismemberment, there were no marks of external violence on the body itself and the cause of the death was not apparent. The doctor judged the victim had been dead some 36 to 48 hours, and in the water just about that length of time. The flesh was unblemished; there were content of the co

"This was an expect job of dissection," the veteran surgeon commented as he stud-sed the mute evidence of murder under the glaring lights of the autopsy room. "See here—the neck is severed cleanly between the fifth and sixth vertebrae, and an cutting into the fiesh of the mark. He knew his anatomy, all right There was no fumbling or hacking."

"What sort of tool would you say was used?" Captain Bright wondered

"Hard to tell, but it looks almost like a professional job, with a scalpel and surgical saw, or their equivalents."

Bright assigned deputies to

Deputy Chester Allen exhibits a dress belonging to vietim—given to police by girl who said she received it as gift check the files on missing girls. In cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, throughout the night they contacted a score of families that had filed reports, and a dozen anguished relatives viewed the grisly remains but shook their heads mutely.

By morning, as the headline news spread, there was no need for further seeking out of relatives. The sheriff's office was deluged with reports and inquiries from parents, husbands, friends and neighbors of missing girls and young women. Several wandering girls even called in to identify themselves and relieve their parents of ansiety.

Scores of civilian volunteers joined a posse of 50 deputies and made a thorough search of the lower reaches of the river, using boats as well as patroling both banks, probling every clump of reeds in search of the missing box. After a day-long futile hunt they de-



cided it must have floated out to sea. The Coast Guard was alerted and beach patrolmen kept their eyes open. Sheriff, Traeger meanwhile assigned additional men to Captain Bright's detail, as they ran down scores of property including hyperbolical design of meantains.

reports including hysterical stories of mystery men seen carrying ominous bundles or boxes through the streets at night.

One suburbanite turned in by a suspicious neighbor had a bad time till he proved that he had been lugging a dress-form home for his wife.

Telephone calls and letters poured in day by day from all over the western states, and the morgue continued to be besieged by people with legitimate inquiries as well as the curious, for the peculiar horror of a dismemberment murder always creates a great public stir. Newspaper stories brought results. Deputy Sherriff Frank Gempert, the crime last between Locars, had his hands full with checking out possible probable height and weight realshed him to eliminate many possibilities on the basis of description and photographs. Dr. Wagner's estimate of the age also narrowed it down. The authops surpose completed his deduct. Principal for their furners and the control of the cont

Then there was the matter of the torso's lack of sear or blemishes, which served further as an index for elimination. In several cases, plysicians who had attended young women now missing were called it to examine the remains. Most possibilities were checked out, but several remained open and the Homination of the control of the contr

them up.

An important guide for the technician was the hair from the armiga, strands of which he extracted and put under a microscope. Gomenhair for comparison, while not positive, might provide a clue to identification. He was immediately flooded with samples of hair of all hoses and varieties, belonging to the comparison of the com

ringlets in keepsakes and lockets.

Many he discarded at once on the basis of color, for the slain gut?

hair was definitely dark brown Other specimens he tested with microscope and chemicals. Again, a few possibilities remained for active inserties; the second of the color of the second of the seco

investigation Captain Bright's men and the city police following up every lead located more than a dozen missing young women as by-products of the murder investigation. A man whose bride had disappeared was picked up and held for questioning when neighbors informed the Homicide detectives that he had threatened to "blow her up." Her description fitted that of the river victim: the young husband was pittery and evasive, and Bright began to think he really had something-till the missing wife showed up indignantly at the Hall of Justice to demand her husband's release

As one (Continued on page 65)

Hunting for spot where corpse was cut into sections. Deputies Brewster (l.) and Gompert examine suspect's plumbing



THE MARCH

OF CRIME AROUND THE GLOBE WITH HUMOR

Illustrated by JACK WOOLHISER Greenville, South Carolina: The court was having a difficult time un-

"We can't make out what you're saving," one attorney finally said.

The lawyer stopped him again.

"Nothing but my false teeth," the

"Do you have something in your mouth?" he asked.

derstanding the witness

The witness mumbled on.

"Sneak more clearly

witness snapped back.

Moline, Illinois: "I'm hungry and cold and unprotected." the distraught woman who telephoned police headquarters complained. "Then why don't you eat something and go to bed," the helpful

desk sergeant who answered the unusual call suggested "Because my boy friend forced himself into my apartment tonight and took my dog, all of my bedclothes and my teeth."



Pittsburgh, Pa.: A man returned to his home on the North Side to find his house had been robbed. All of his liquor had been consumed and the ice box had been raided. A note left on the kitchen table said, "Thanks for everything."

one of its official cameras bad been

stolen from the office of the chief of

the city's Criminal Investigation

Division

Salt Lake City, Utah; When police authorities booked a housewife for shoplifting a hox of chicken drumsticks worth only \$1.19 they opened her purse and found 4 wristwatches 5 diamond rings and cash totaling Miami, Florida: A judge's sim of the tongue almost added 16% years to two men's prison terms

They had pleaded guilty to grand larceny. The judge said 18 years for both. But when everybody gasped he corrected "I meant 18 months



Philadelphia, Pa.: The fact that Burbank, Calif.; "Business is louabsolutely nothing is sacred to some sy." the discouraged owner of a soft thieves was proved conclusively when the police department of this dressed customer asked him. city of brotherly love reported that

drink parlor answered when a well The skentical stranger pulled a gun and demanded the money in the cash register. But when he took a look at the cash in hand he offered his sympathy and left empty handed.

River breezes during the summer."

Buffalo, N. Y.: A man was haled into city court on charges of hitting his wife with a baseball bat in an argument over who should bathe

first. The judge put the husband on probation, but said he could bathe first because he worked and his wife had more time during the day.



Chicago, III.: Police listened to a man's complaint about a motorcycle parked on his lawn and promised to do something about it

Leaving headquarters he walked through a plate glass window. Cops booked him for damaging property.

prisoner allegedly used 43 different

Chicago, Illinois: Authorities are holding a "John Doe" for trial on charges of mail fraud in which the Investigators were unable to learn his true identity.

Rudd. Iowa: While townspeople slent thieves carefully removed the door casing to break into the local bank, cut the telephone wires and



not stand the insults a customer di-

The customer is in the hospital in

talking too much

versous condition

Paris, France: A flower lover was watering ber geraniums on a second floor balcony when a few drops fell on a man below who was putting his garbage in a can in the courtvard.

He dashed upstairs and a bot argument ensued. The neighbors who'd gathered saw the man pick the woman up, flower pot and all, and throw her out of ber apartment window.

She suffered fractures of the skull nelvis bones and both legs. He's up on a charge of attempted murder.

Manila, P. I.: Usually it's the oth-Chicago, Illinois: "How does it er way around, but now a barber focus?" the customer asked the clerk has slashed a customer's throat for as he examined a \$300 camera. Edging toward the door, he added, The barber told police he could

"I guess you have to be quite far hack to use it properly." The clerk turned to get an accessory. The customer and the camera

vanished through the door

Turning himself in later, he said, "I had no idea I'd get out without being caught "



hammered at the safe with a sledge Their loot-\$13.



Falls City, Nebraska: Ill and wanting to be put back in prison, an exconvict broke into a grocery store and ate bananas and drank milk to catch him.

KILLER from the **Mountains**

BY HAL WHITE

GRANDMA BARRETT'S misty gray eyes blazed with anger. "Son," she said, "you take one more step and I'll drop you with this here broomstick." George W. "Unleel Jimmy? Barrett took the step. Simultaneously his right fist shot out and smashed into

his 73-year-old mother's face.
"I told you what I'd do if you was to hit my boy arain." he said.

again," he said.
"He was mean—mean and nasty just like you always
been," screamed the old woman. "He was hitting the
hound dog with a stone." The broomstick came down
on Uncle Jimmy's graying head. As he fell to the
rough plank floor he reached for the .38 in his belt.

Ten-year-old Jackic screamed a warning. The boy's Aunt Rachel chose that moment to enter their threeroom cabin at Big Hill, in the heart of the Kentucky hill country.

The gun in Barrett's right hand barked three times. The first bullet struck his mother just over the heart. The second dropped his sister, Rachel. The third went wild.

Uncle Jimmy looked proudly at the son of his fifth marriage. "Ain't no one ever going to hit your daddy again and get away with it," he said. "And don't ever let anyone get away with hitting you." He turned and walked steadily from the cabin, climbed into his truck

THE FRI WATCHED THE MAN WHO BRAGGED OF THE

"SECRET GRAVES" FILLED BY HIS CUN





and drove the 18 miles into the Jackson County seat at McKee "I had to shoot Ma," he told his older brother. "She

come at me with a broomstick. So I shot her and I saw her die. Thank God, she suffered no pain." Barrett added that their sister, Rachel, "had got in the way" and suffered a minor injury. Then he took

off again in his old Ford pickup. But Grandma Barrett did not die-until two weeks later. Taken to the hospital at McKee, she finally succumbed to pneumonia after making what physicians termed a miraculous recovery from the bullet wound. Rachel, with a slug removed from ber right breast, was released from the hospital on the day of Grandma Barrett's death.

Rachel went straight from the hospital to the office of Commonwealth Attorney Frank H. Baker and swore to a warrant charging her fugitive brother with mur-

der. The older brother next day filed a damage suit against George for their mother's death. During the month following the shooting on August 27th of 1930, George Barrett remained hidden out in the mountains. This was not difficult for him to accomplish. He had often been a fugitive in the past,

from both local and government authorities. Matricide was something different, though Uncle Jimmy is reputed to have spread some £1700 in hear and money his relatives and tremed arring the month he remained in hiding. Their, early in Getober, he re-reached him that Jackie was tooccured for his daddy. At the time there were at least a doesn other child. At the time there were at least a doesn other child and the second of the s

And he was promptly arrested for murder.

After a week in jail Uncle Jimmy was freed on \$1000 bond. A daughter was born to him soon afterward. In March of 1931 he appeared in Circuit Court and pleaded not guilty to his mother's murder, claiming

self-defense.

A dozen witnesses for the Commonwealth, including the accused man's relatives, took the stand against him. But their memories were bad—except for recalling the threatenine slances directed against them by Barrett's friends as they bad entered the courtroom.

Courtroom.

Uncle Jimmy took the stand in his own defense. In a choked voice he told how he had come back to clear his name after learning of his little son's loneliness. At the conclusion of the testimony the Commonwealth stronger saked that the indigtment he dis-

missed because of insufficient evidence. The judge angrily denied the motion, There followed an eloquent ples by defense counsel for acquittal on the ground the accused had simply acted to protect his own life. An equally impassioned address by Commonwealth Attorney Baker urged the same

thing.

The jurors, bewilderment showing on their anxious faces as they
glanced from the prisoner to his
glaring friends in the back of the
room, talked things over for two
hours. They announced they were
unable to reach a werdet. A second
trial, beld the following year
proved a duplicate of the direct

the court a free man.

He was to remain a free man for some time. But from that day on-ward 42-year-old George Barrett was also to remain the object of unremitting attention on the part of the newly reorganized Federal Bureau of Investigation.

For years past the eyes of various federal agencies had been on the mountaineer from Jackson County, And although he had never been known to kill before, shootings and volence had marked his career since soon after the turn of the century. In 1904, at the age of 14, he had quit manufacturing illegal corn whisky long enough to be married which the control of the co





Inside tent-covered structure beside Marion County Jail the hangman awaits murderous mountaineer

From that time on Barrett was to be known as "Uncle Jimmy" to his friends and his various families.

In 1910 Barrett joined the army. While stationed in Salt Lake City, Utah, be was married for the second time. A divorce followed after the birth of a child a year later. He got his discharge from the army and returned to marry a girl in Beautyville, Kentiekk.

By this time Uncle Jimmy began to tire of going to the expense and trouble of arranging for legal divorces. After the birth of his third child by this third wife, he simply up and left them. He was married for the fourth time in Married of 1916 without bothering to go through the formality of a divorce.

A fifth wife followed two years later. At this time Barrett was under suspicion of having broadened his business activities to include fencing stolen articles. In August of 1926 he was back in his home territory, with a sixth bride. On the 11th day of that month one Jeff Cline, a resident of Jackson County, called upon him.

Cline, brother-in-law by virtue of an earlier marriage, wanted to know what Uncle Jimmy was going to do about the support of an abandoned child. Barrett, quick-tempered but not so quick on the draw, reached for the six-shooter in his belt. Before he could puil the pistol Cline snatched a loaded shotgun from the wall behind him. A blast of bird-shot struck Uncle Jimmy full in the face. It was the first time Barrett was to be on the re-

It was the first time starrett was to be on the reciving end of a charge of lead. He suffered the loss of his right eye in that exchange and afterward took to wearing rimes eyeglasses to conceal the disability. The eyeglasses did something for him. With his early graying hair and sallow complexion, he now looked more like a staid businessman or school teacher than the brawning mountainers he was.

During the next few years Barrett confined his activities largely to operating the home distillery. There were a few trips about the country with various women, but the boy, Jackie, was the only one of his children to whom he showed any affection.

To townsfolk he was heard to boast of his exploits abroad, but he was never specific as to where be had been or exactly how he had earned the big roll of bills he liked to flash. On many occasions he exhibited wounds he said were received in gun fights.

"Tree learned to give as well as take lead," Barrett was quoted as bragging to his fellow townsmen. "And if anyone doubts it, I'll take them up in the hills and show them the graves of half a dozen guys who though they could get the best of old Uncle Jimmy. But they won't rome back to take."

Quite naturally there was (Continued on page 62)

DOUBLE DEATH in

the TRAILER CAMP

BY ABBOT BANKS

THE STUNNED CLIENT SAW

A "STRANGE MAN" IN THE

CRYSTAL BALL AND THEN

MADAME RIVA WAS KILLED

TO MOST of the long-time occupants of space in the T. & P. Trailer Park, located at the edge of Danville. Virginia the arrival of the pastel green, chromestriped trailer, hauled by a new Dodge of almost identical color, was like a harbinger of spring.

"Show people, coming ahead of the carnival, I'll bet," a textile worker at the sprawling Dan River Mills, not too far away, commented to a neighbor. He became more certain when the caravan rumbled to a halt and a handsome, statuesque woman, clad in a fur cost and with a snow-white turban coiled around glossy black hair, stepped out, From behind the wheel of the car slipped a tall, barrel-chested man attired in tweeds. Blue eyes, set deep in a rugged, tanned face, crinkled with a friendly smile as he spotted the textile worker and his neighbor staring at him.

"Hello, there! Who would we see about getting a

Police and neighbors begin to gather at trailer (above) in which William Osterberg (L.) and wife were shot to death

spot here?" he called out to the two lounging men. "Right over at that white building. The agent will fix you up," the textile worker replied, pointing to a

nearby stuces building. To the woman who operated the lot, the store and three apartments above the store, the new arrival introduced himself as William Osterberg, and indicated

he wanted to pay for a month's rental. "I'm sorry, but you'd better just pay for a week " she suggested. "This place is too much for me. I can't get

any competent belo, and I'm about to give up the lease Next week the new rental agent will be here, and you can pay him."

"It's just as well," shrugged the newcomer. "My wife is never too sure how long we'll stay in one place. In fact," he added with a grin, "I just don't know what to put down here where you have 'residence.' We've been



After long search Sergeant Link, Captain Mays and Trooper Archer (I. to r.) finally found gun

stopping briefly in so many different places lately."

"Oh," said the owner, with appropriate uncertainty.

The strapping arrival leaned over the register book, and beside the date—April 12th, 1948—scrawled in a bold hand: "William and Ruth Osterberg," Then, besistating a moment, he added; "Bluefield, West Virginia."

The owner frowningly contemplated the broad basic of Osterberg as he sauntered out of the store, and for a moment wondered if there was something significant behind the man's hesitation, and whether the police ought to be notified. She decided against it, completely unaware that within a short time the police would come annway. Nearly a half-hundred of them, swarms

ing over the trailer lot, then scurrying across three states in a frantic effort to put together one of the state's most bizarre murder puzzles—with the hesitant registry of Osterberg being the only clear-cut action that fell easily into place.

By nightfall of the following day the textile worker became mildly satisfied in learning that he had scored a near miss. The Osterbergs weren't exactly show people, but off-beat enough to make for some interesting conversation in the camp.

Ruth Osterberg, the camp dwellers soon knew, dealt in the occult sciences under the name of "Madame Riva Gray." Osterberg was a steeplejack, who had turned to his precarious trade after several years as a merchant seaman and as a military policeman in wartime service. More titillating was the discovery that the couple were newly married; that they had just completed a combined business and honeymoon tru to Florida.

were newly married; that they had just completed a combined business and honeymoon trip to Florida. In a short while the couple had become extremely popular in the trailer park. Ruth smillingly discouraged

any attempts by some of the awed women neighbors to address her as "Madame Riva."

"Around here, I'm just another trailer housewife," she reminded them. "If any of you girls want to visit me on business, I'll be Madame Riva, with some special attention."

A few of the women promptly availed themselves of the invitation. They drove approximately seven miles the invitation. They drove approximately assert miles tent, just across the Virginia-North Carolina border. This, she frankly explained, was move dictated by discretion: the Virginia authorities were "behind the exact science and legitimate profession, whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progress," but explain the profession of the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progress," but explain the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progress," but explain the profession whereas the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progress," but explain the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progress," but explain the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progression," and the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progression," and the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progression," and the profession whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progression," and the profession whereas the profession, whereas the North Carolina legislators, "wiser and more progression," and the profession whereas the professi

The women were highly impressed with Madame Riva's powers of divination. "We'll spread the word around and you'll soon be busier than you ever cared

As gracious as ever, Madame Riva thanked them but

said there was little need for anyone to beat the drums for her. "After all, I've been making the circuit in every state along the coast for over fifteen years. Some of my best friends live right here in Danville."

While Ruth was busy reading paims and sweeping the curtain saide from the future with the aid of an immense crystal ball that had cost a toly aum, Bill control of the control of the cost of the cost of duty from their jobs, or playing games with the youngesters. To the bag-eyed small If ye becames something start, the bag-eyed small If ye becames something him time and sgain for more details as to the immense sums he earned, the death-defying feath he had performed at the pinnate of radio and television towers.

Osterberg, after a peal of laughter, became serious.

"There's a good reason. That's why they pay you so much money, because way up there, if you stay long enough, your nerves start jumping out of your skin. We got to come down now and then and take a safe rest, down where all you can get is a skinned knee if you fall."

Sadly enough, Bill's "safe rest" was due to end in violence that couldn't possibly have happened at the peak of a thousand-foot, swaying steel tower. And apparently Ruth's powers were considerably limited, for







Hall (standing) questioned motive of "helpful" amateur slenth, flanked by Archer (L) and Thomas

her charm and gaiety at some of the trailer camp gatherings indicated she hadn't the slightest inking the stars had decreed a short, ugly twist in her own life-line.

The fact that the Osterbergs had been quite friendly

soon hegan troubling a foundry mill worker, who with his wife occupied a trailer in the camp, "I got a feeling something is wrong," he said. "We haven't seen them since last Tuesday, and the car is still parked by their trailer," "Maybe there're just wisiting " showmed his mite.

"Maybe they're just visiting," shrugged his wife. "After all, Ruth has been in Danville many times hefore."

"Just the same, I got a feeling," he declared. "I walked by there after church, and there was some files buzzing around, not to mention an odor coming out of the trailer."

It was now Sunday. April 25th, exactly 13 days after.

It was now Sunday, April 25th, exactly 13 days after the arrival of the Osterhergs. The neighbor strolled out into the warm, henevolent sunshine, spotted a friend of his, who lived a block away

He called, "Hey, come over here a minute."
When his friend walked over, he spoke of his doubts concerning the missing Osterbergs. The friend, sniffing the air—he stood only a few yards from the shuttered trailer.

the air—he stood only a few yards from the shuttered trailer—frowned. "I was in the Argonne during World War I and that odor smells like something I'll never forget."

He wheeled, strolled over to a rear window of the trailer. He clambered onto a humper guard, peered in with cupped bands. A moment later came the hourse

cry: "They're in there—all bloody! Call the police!" The police responded almost in company strength. First five radio cars, with the officers milling uncertainty as they found all doors and windows to the trailer locked tightly. Then Captain Wade Mays and Detective Sergeants Oscar Link and Frank Chaney.

It was Mays who hurled his (Continued on page 83)

PHANTOM at the WINDOW

BY JOHN M. BROWNELL

MARY LOUISE STAMMER, honey-haired blonde sophomore at Fressno, California, high school, was one of the prettiest and most popular girls in her class. At 15, and approximating yours girls and the product of the produc

They lived in a luxurious two-story stucco home at the intersection of Wishon and Gettysburg Roads in the exclusive Fig Gardens residential section, 3 miles north of Fresno.

Shorjly after 8 o'clock on the night of November 24th, Mrs. Stammer drove her husband to the railroad station. He caught a train for San Bernardino, in the southwestern part of the state, where he was scheduled to appear in an important legal case the following

The 12-year-old daughter and the Stammer maid had gone along. Mrs. Stammer saw her husband off and then dropped the maid off at her home. Mary Louise had remained behind to baby sit for her

Killer shot baby-sitter through window (A). later dragged mortally wounded girl into bedroom (B)







Angry crowd outside courthouse was calmed down by the news that phantom murderer had pleaded guilty

7-year-old sister and little brother. They went to sleep in an upstairs room. She made herself comfortable with a book in the music room.

After Mrs. Stammer took the maid home she took Van Ness Boulevard to Gettysburg Road. Upon her arrival home the realized that she had forgothen her house keys. When the ringing of the front door bell brought no response Mrs. Stammer remembered that she had instructed Mary Louise not to open the door for anyone during her absence. She sent the little girl

around to the back.

The child obeyed, but returned quickly. She was in a high state of excitement. "The glass in the back

door is broken," she exclaimed.

Mrs. Stammer grabbed the child's hand. Together
they ran around the side to the back. The screening
had been torn and the glass in the upper part of the
door was broken. It looked as though someone had
done this to get a hand through and unlock the door
from the inside.

Although she was terrorized at the thought of what

had probably happened to her oldest daughter the mother ran through the kitchen, down a hall and into the music room where the lights were burning.

Mary Louise was not there, but beside the chair where she had been altting when Mrs. Stammer lelt were three large spots of blood. Unable to control herself longer, she screamed at the too of her voice. "Mary! Mary!" she cried. "Where

are you?"

There was no answer.

Mrs. Stammer hurried into Mary Louise's bedroom.

Mrs. Stammer hurried into Mary Louise's bedroom.

It was dark, but when the frantic mother turned on the
lights her most dread fears became a reality.

Many Louise lay on the floor. She was unconscious and fresh blood covered one side of her head.

Mrs. Stammer stood transfixed by the scene of horor, then turned quickly and ran to the telephone to call Dr. John Vanderburgh, the family physician.

"I'll set there just as fast as i can," the doctor prom-

sed.

Mrs. Stammer's next thoughts were of the children.

asieep upstairs. She ran to then bedroom and found them sleeping peacefully. Whoever had attacked Mary Louise had not molested them. Neighbors were called in and one

of them took all three of the younger children to his bome. Dr. Vanderburgh arrived shortly

after that. A quick preliminary examination was made. "She's still alive," he told Mrs. Stammer after he'd telephoned for an ambulance to take Mary Louise to Burnett Sanitarium. "She must have been struck over the head with a blunt instrument of some kind She's in serious condition but there's one chance we can save her life."

The doctor then asked if Mr. Stammer had been notified. When told that he hadn't, the doctor sent a wire to Taire, the first stop for the San Bernardino train, instructing the attorney to return home as quickly as possible.

Dr. Vanderburgh also notified the sheriff's office.

Sheriff George Overholt was at home when Undersheriff Jack Tarr contacted him.

"Something serious has happened at the Walter Stammer home in Fig Gardens," Tarr told Overholt. "Their 15-year-old daughter has been attacked. It's doubtful she will survive."

The sheriff said he'd get there as quickly as possible. "Summon every available deputy." he instructed Tarr. "We know there have been at least a dozen robberies in that section during the past few months. If a thief did this we've a chance to get

him if we move quickly."

When Overholt arrived at the
Stammer home he found District At-

torney Dan Conway, Police Chief Frank Traux of Fresno, Deputy Sheriffs John Ford, Ray Landers, Harry Collins, Wallace Moore and Bill Mortland there

While these men were going over the known aspects of the case the telephone rang. Chief Traux answered it. The other officers watched the expression on his face as he listened.

When the policeman hung up he said, "We've got a murder case on our hands now. Mary Louise died en route to the hospital,"

route to the hospittal."

Going over the known facts in the case the officers agreed that the most likely explanation for the crime was that a burglary had been attempted. The thief had not been aware of Mary Louise's presence. When

he found her there he attacked her to silence her.
"The doctor didn't think she had been sexually assaulted," District Attorney Conway said. "And we know about all those burglaries in this neighborhood." Sheriff Overhoit told the others that the Stammer residence itself had been broken into twice within the last six months. He was assured the complete support



His smile faded when he heard of planned fingerprint and ballistics examinations

of the Fresno police department although the crime had taken place outside the city limits.

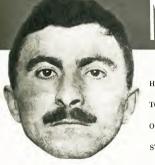
Deputy Moore, superintendent of the Fresno County Bureau of Crimmal Mentifection, and Deputy, Bill Bureau of Crimmal Mentifection, and Deputy, Bill

Bureau of Criminal Identification, and Deputy Bill Mortland began a systematic search of the house Gan a systematic search of the house for fingerprints. Special attention was given to the rear door where the screen had been torn and the glass broken. Everyone agreed that entrance to the house had been made in that manner.

Every piece of glass found around the door was carefully preserved for fingerprints. Dozens of prints were found in the music room where the investigators believed the attack had taken place, but there was no way of telling whether these prints belonged to members of the Stammer family and their friends or to the crim-

Orders were given for every fingerprint to be classified for comparison with members of the Stammer family and their friends

"Any prints that can't be accounted for will be checked with the Criminal (Continued on page 70)



COULD HOLD HIM

HE WAS THE ONLY MAN

TO ESCAPE FROM BOTH

OF CALIFORNIA'S TWO

STATE PENITENTIARIES

Phantom "ape-man" (above, I,) were no shoes, left few clues when he provided the night

THIS STUFF was stolen," Detective Sergeant Ed-ward O'Dea told the pawnbroker on Kearney Street in San Francisco, California, as he separated several valuable pieces of jewelry from the rest of the dealer's stock. "I didn't know that," the money lender protested.

"They weren't on any list the police department gave

O'Dea asked when the iewels had been pawned. "Yesterday," the man answered. "Describe the guy who brought them in."

The nawnbroker thought a moment. Finally he said. "He was some sort of foreigner because he spoke with a heavy accent, probably German. He was short, not

much taller than 5 feet. Had a black mustache and thick black hair. The backs of his hands were covered with hair. He must have been bairy all over. I thought he looked like a powerful animal because of the solid way be was built and the way his long arms dangled at his sides" "He could be our man." O'Dea said.

The expression on the pawnbroker's face changed as though he had just thought of something, "You mean the man who pawned this stuff could be that 'ape-man' the newspapers have been writing about?" he asked.

"That's just what I was thinking," O'Dea told him. "And the odds are, he'll be back. I'm going to take up my position across the street. If he does come back I'll be waiting. You go to the window and take some object from the right hand side. That will be my gignal"

The pawnbroker accepted the idea with great rejuctance. "I know #ve ent to play along," he told the detective, "but please remember I've got a weak heart. Don't start any shooting in my place if you

O'Dea laughed, "We never shoot unless we have to." he said "Don't worry about this guy. I'll be on ton of him and bave him cuffed before he knows what's happening."

The "ape man," as San Francisco newspapers had







Inspector John Mulhern (r.) questioned pawnbroker on Oakland street (l.). Second capture followed

dubbed the latest phantom burglar, had been driving the police department mad for the past six months. Nobody had caught a glimpse of him, yet it was known he had committed dozens of robberies. Housewives were in a state of alarm; and inspector John J. Manion, in charge of the investigation, had his men working around the clock. The only things they had to go on were the few clues the age-man left behind.

He appeared to operade exclusively in the smart readential districts and in apartment houses where the rents were so high the tenants had to be wealthy to live there. Never wearing shoes, the third sneaded through these places at night so equivily that even the jewelzy, valuable cledings and furs. So successful had be been that he had become a nightmare to wealthy cuttens throughout the city. Newappers headlined their stories, "Barcfoot Burglar Strikes Appin," Panton Are Mercore Batt End," and "Step the Panton Are Mercore Batt End," and "Step the

Night patrols in the susceptible areas were doubled, yet the elasive their continuou on. Bure footprints seemed to be the only claes he left. But it was known the continuous co

brought negative results and it was then that the pawmalop detail redoubled its efforts. Detective O'Dea's visit to the Kearney Street place had paid off. the should remain near the shop where the stolen jewels had been pawned. Days passed before any results were apparent. Then at half past 4 one afternoon O'Dea's attention became focused on a man comtained to the stolength of the stolength of the stolength of the both that the thirt that interested the detective was the stolength of the stolength of the stolength of the both that the thirt that interested the detective was the stolength of stolength his manner of walking. It was like a jungle animal whose every movement bespeaks speed and tremendous power.

Just as the detective thought he would, the man went into the pawnshop.

went into the pawnsnop.

O'Dea waited until the money lender gave him the signal by removing a camera from the right sade of the store window. He didn't want any gun-play anymore than the pawnbroker did, so he took a few steps down the street before crossing and then entered the

shop as unobtrusively as possible. Once inside, he flashed his badge. "I want to talk with you," he said quietly. In one quick movement the man sprang into action.

His long arms held the detective in a vise-like grig. O'Dea tried to finger his gun, but there wasn't a chance. The man let out a guttural roar and, bringing up his knee at the same time, sent the detective sprawling against the opposite wall. O'Dee's head hit an iron radiator. The ape-man turned quickly and ran out the door,

Passersby, who had sensed trouble, called to Patrol-

reasersly, who had seined toutone, caused to Particoted a block away. They chased the fugitive down Reamey, across Market and finally brought him down in front and the second of the second of the second of the graph they been founded from the 1 took both Coleman and Cummings as well as the station wagon actendants to get the prisoner to headquarters. Aftersial the second of the his name as Carl Otto, age, 37, nationality, German occupation, butter, height five feet, one inch, weight.

The ape-man pleaded guilty to two charges of burglary and received sentences of seven years on each count They were to be served consecutively. After he was delivered to San Quentin Inspector Manion and the other San Francisco officers, who had been plagued by him uttered sighs of relief. They felt sure that they wouldn't be bothered by Carl Otto for a





Fugitive ran down Kearney Street (r.) after making get-a-way from Detective Sergeant Ed O'Dea (l.)

while. Seven years might change the man, as well.
But the ape-man's entrance into San Quentin was
just another episode in his fantastic career. Less than
a year later Detective O'Dea died. Doctors who had
attended the officer said that head injuries he received
when Carl Otto threw him against the radiator in the
pawnshop undoubtedly contributed to his death.

parties and the second of the

When Inspector Manion and his associates in San Francisco heard about the escape they knew that their work of capturing the ape-man would begin all over again. "He'll come right back to his old haunts and con-

tinue where he left off," Manion told a fellow officer. But he was wrong.

Less than a week after the escape Patrolman Coucert was making him glityly rounds in the little between the same than the country of the country of cinco. By midnight just about everybody was in bed an alange, Jeweth was walking through a quist resitory of the country of the country of the country of the thought that perhaps some animal form a nearby forward causically, the patrolman could been the matter of severe which the two Studied's animiter wardy, but worthy, with a strange shambling guit of mention processing the country of the country of the wardy, but worthy, with a strange shambling guit of mention grows good the same beam.

and word of the escaped prisoner had been publicized throughout that part of the state, Patrolman Jewett was aware it could be San Francisco's Carl Otto. "Stop or I'll shoot!" the officer shouted. But the fugitive increased his speed. A warning

shot rang out in the quiet street. The ape-man leaped over a short fence and ran into a group of small trees. Jewett ran after him.

Two strong, powerful arms tackled him a second

later and he went down in their vise-like grip. A knife flashed and Jowett writted on the ground clutching the stab wound in his stomach. He was unconscious when his assailant vanished in the night. The noise offerer's what and crise to the fruitine to

The police officer's shot and cries to the fugitive to halt had aroused the neighborhood. Men rushed to his aid and obtained medical attention in time to save his life. State nolice, county officers and local police combed

the city and the outlying districts the remainder of that night and for many days afterwards, but the elusure ape-man had slipped away as completely as he had back in San Francisco before Detective O'Dea had finally trapped him. Two months went by without the slightest clue to

his whereabouts.

San Francisco and other California cities had their

san Francisco and other Cantorna cives had their share of burglaries but none of them bore the stamp of the formidable Carl Otto. Finally a police informer sent word to Inspector Manion that the man they were seeking had returned to San Francisco.

Every member of the police department was instructed to be on the alert for the much-sought fugitive. It was an undercover man, assigned to a German neighborhood, who telephoned Inspector Manion on the night of September 15th.

"I saw Carl Otto at headquarters when he was arrested more than three years ago." this man told Manion, "and I'm positive I've got him spotded. He's wearing dark glasses as a disguise and he's been drinking in a hotel bar. I'd know that shambling walk and those long arms and powerful hands anywhere." "Where is he now?" Manion asked.

"He left the hotel," the (Continued on page 60)

The CRIME at Hilldrop Crescent



Cora told him: "You go your way and I'll go mine"—and he obliged by buying boat tiekets for himself, poison for her

BY L. L. ALBERTS

NO ONE MEETING HIM on the street or seeing him at his plat of business would ever have suspected Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen of being a Lothario. He was a rather undersized fellow of middle age, balding a bit, who affected a sandy mustache and goatee, and whose eyes seemed to blink in bewilderment behind a pair of thick-lensed spectacles. Decfdedly not a romantic figure.

Nevertheless, this same Dr. Crippen was destined to go down in history as a great lover, as well as one of the most cunning poisoners ever to plunge Scotland Yard into a fantastic guessing game. He is still remembered today as the monster of London's Hilldrop Cres-

Although his crime took place in England, Crippen

was an American, a native of Michigan.

Something of a rolling stone, he studied medicine in Cleveland, London and New York, and served interneships in three or four different hospitals in the States. When he was 30, after practicing for only a few years,

he met a flashing-eyed brunette named Cora Turner, who was only 17. He promptly marrried her and took her off to St. Louis to live. Later, they moved to Philadelphia where he also practiced for a while. It was evident from the outset that Cora Crippen's

primary interest did not lie in homemaking or raising a family. "Everybody says I bave a good voice, and there certainly is nothing wrong with my figure," she told her

"Everybody says I bave a good voice, and there certainly is nothing wrong with my figure," she told her spouse. "I deserve to be on the stage, and I aim to get there."

Crippen objected, but Cora had the proverbial

Crippen objected, but Cora had the proverbils "whim of iron" and his arguments were in vals ble embarked on what was to be a long and expensive series of lessons in singing and dancing. She even picked out a stage name for herealt: "Belle Rimore." In 1900, some I1 years atter their marriage, Crippen unexpectedly received an offer to go to work for a Longue to the property of the



When he moved lovely girl into his home the doctor (r.) offered no explanation, but he explained loudly about his wife's sudden "trip"

SHE WAS YOUNG, LONELY,
BEAUTIFUL. THE DOCTOR
STOPPED DICTATING AND
BEGAN TO PLOT A MURDER

and he'd become fond of London while there as a student—but before accepting it he con-

sulted his wife.
"By all means, let us go," was her reaction.
"The stupid theatre managers in this country
don't appreciate my talents, but I'm sure I'll
go over big in England. You'll be seeing the
name Belle Elmore right up at the top of the

Crippen, who had his own opinion of Cora's histrionic ability, uttered a noncommital grunt and began making preparations for the

playbills!"

move. In London, they settled down in a rented, semi-detached house at No. 39 Hilldrop Crescent, a quiet, tree-lined street in a middle-class residential neighborhood. Crippen went about bis business with Muryon's, which about bis business with Muryon's, which neited him an adequate if modest salary, and Cora resumed her strivings toward the stage. Unfortunately, the managers of the London music holls ware as unanorrecistus of her

music halls were as unappreciative of her soften music halls were as unappreciative of her been consistent of the soften and the soften and the soften consistency as the still liked to call herself—neve even got to carry a spear or appear in the back line of a chorus. She did, however, succeed in striking up friendships with a number of theatrical people, among them being fir and Mrs. Peter Baylor, Ruth Walker, Dorothy Crane and James Forbes. She also managed to wangle herself i job herself i job

as treasurer of the Music Hall Ladies' Guild. Though she had put on considerable weight, Cora retained some of her youthful beauty and was able to attract male admirers from time to time. These she met outside the house and.





Police errort camera-shy passenger (r.) who feared wireless, was frequently seen hugging his "son"

quitely naturally, without Crippen's knowledge. Some of them showered her with costly jewelry. When the doctor expressed curiousty about the gems, Cora passed them off as "mere baubles—nothing but costume

pieces."
As the years passed and her hopes of appearing behind the footlights receded further and further, Cora became increasingly flamboyant in dress and manner. She decked herself out in the gaudiest of garments—her favorte color was pink—and applied makeup to match. And she delighted in throwing parties for her frends, which imposed a serious strain on the family

budget, or four night a week, weary from his hier a factor, a Chippen could come home to 38 Hildrey Crescent to find the house filled with people who were utterly alien to him. Their loud jokes and singing and dancing gave him a splitting headache. Yet when he are the simple state of the simple simple simple simple III go mine. 'She also intimated she had plenty of chances to run off with men who were more compatible than the dottor. Their endless quarrels became more

d more bitter. The pattern for murder took more definite form in the summer of 1909 when a girl named Lisa Montelair came to work at Munyon's as a secretary

Crippen was smitten at once. In the midst of dictatung his first letter to her, he said, "My dear, you're

lovely. Tell me all about yourself."

Just why Lisa should return the interest of a man so much older than herself is difficult to understand, but return it she did. She had yet to pass her 21st birthday, she told hin, she was all alone in the world, and this job was her very first venture into the business field. Crincen added some observations of his own: Mss.

Montelair had blonde curly hair and deep blue eyes, and her figure was slim and bewitching. Before long the doctor was taking Lisa out to lunch, then to dinner, He began seeing her several times week outside the office. If other workers at Munyon's found their goings—on suspicious, they prudently ken

their mouths shut.

The situation ran along into the first of 1910 with growing tension for Crippen. Lisa began talking rather insistently about marriage—something that the doctor himself desired—and at the same time he found life

with Cora becoming more irksome every day.

The music hall couple, Mr. and Mrs. Baylor, dined

at Hilldrop Crescent about once a week. In recent months Crippen bad dodged these occasions, but on the night of January 31st he made it a point to come home from the office early

Crippen was much more attentive to his wife than usual during the dinner and the hours that followed. and the whole evening went off pleasantly except for a slight indisposition on the part of Baylor

The following day the doctor called at the home of the couple to inquire after Baylor's health. Mrs. Baylor said he seemed better but was upstairs asleep. "And

how is Belle?" she asked. "Oh, she's fine," Crippen replied.

On the next afternoon, February 1st, Lisa Montclair delivered a note to Miss Walker, another theatrical friend of Cora's, who also was an officer of the Music Hall Ladies' Guild. It read: "Dear Miss Walker: Illness of a near relative has called me to America on only a few hours' notice, so I must ask you to bring my resignation as Treasurer before the next meeting of the Guild so that a new Treasurer can be elected at once You will appreciate my haste when I tell you that I have not been to bed-packing all night and getting ready to go. I shall hope to see you in a few months. but cannot spare a moment to call on you before I so."

The note was signed "Belle Elmore, per H.C.C Considering it strange that the woman had dictated the note to Crippen. Miss Walker showed it to the Baylors. They, too, considered it suspicious, particularly in view of what the doctor had said when he called at their house. A day or two later Baylor dropped around to Crippen's office to seek an explanation. Crippen was strangely vague. It was true, he said, that Cora, or Belle, had been called to America-be simply hadn't seen fit to mention it when he talked to Mrs. Baylor

the day before the note was delivered. In some respects Dr. Crippen was clever: in others. he was exceedingly stupid. On the 7th, for instance, he pawned a ring and brooch that belonged to his wife for 115 pounds. A few nights later he attended a ball given by the Music Hall Benevolent Fund, accompanied by lovely Lisa Montclair. And friends noted that the girl

was wearing pieces of Cora Crippen's jewelry! Finally, even though he must have sensed the suspicion that was building up against him, Crippen persuaded Lisa to quit her job and move in with him at Hilldrop Crescent

Trying frantically to build up a fabrication that would protect him, the doctor wrote to the Baylors around the 20th of March saying he'd received word that his wife was "desperately ill" with double pneumonia

Two days later he followed up this letter with a telegram sent from Victoria Station: "BELLE DIED YESTER-DAY AT SIX O'CLOCK, PLEASE PHONE HER PRIENDS, WILL BE AWAY A WEEK."

As if that were not enough, Crippen inserted a brief obituary notice in one of the London newspapers. Then he and Miss Montclair embarked for the French resort town of Dieppe to pass a one-week Easter holiday. While he was away he wrote to two of Cora's friends, James Forbes and Dorothy Crane, telling them of her passing. But be set her death as having occurred two days after the date of his telegrom to the Boylors

Forbes, Miss Crane and the Baylors got together and compared notes, but despite all the suspicious circumstances they refrained from going to the authorities Crippen's mixup in dates, they reasoned, could be the natural mistake of a grief-stricken man. It was terribly bad taste for Crippen to let Lisa Montclair wear Cora's jewels-but, then, it didn't prove him guilty of any wrongdoing.

"We'd better go easy on this," Baylor said, with the reluctance of the average citizen to become involved

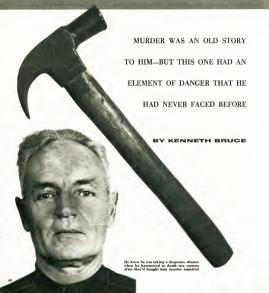
with the police. Upon Crippen's return, Baylor went to see him again. What steamship had his wife taken to the States? Crippen didn't know. Where were the relatives she visited? He couldn't recall. The doctor stubbornly refused to answer several similar questions.

Next, Baylor talked to Forbes, "Do you think we ought to do anything?" be asked Forbes shook his bead, "Let's play a waiting game.

I'll question him from time to time, and so will Miss Crane. If Belle met with foul play, it's too late now to help ber. A few weeks' delay in going to the authorities won't make any difference." (Continued on page 81)



The URGE TO KILL



MARCUS POWELL was in his 50s, with gray hair, the kindly face of an old-fashioned minister of the gospel, and the soul of a cold-blooded murderer. On March 1st he stood in the kitchen of his wealthy

on assicts as he stood in the kitchen of his wearboy mother-in-law's home at 1431 Laurel Street in Jacksonville, Florida. His wife lay dead in the bathtub, stripped of all her clothes, and his mother-in-law. Mrs. Lou Speer, was on the floor of the porch outside the kitchen her head graphed to a rulp.

Murder was now an old story to Powell, but this one was different from the others, more bloody. Also there was an element of danger he had never faced before. His first murder had been committed many years before, when he was only 15. He slasshed a boy freind to fore, when he was only 15. He slasshed a boy freind to

death because of an argument.

His family was rich and politically powerful. They got him out of prison within two years. A year later he murdered George McPay, an older man who caught him stealing from his store. Again the family went to bat for him, but he bad to serve seven years before their money and pressive could get him, a parole

He promised to reform. He did this until the feeling of blood, the sadistic thrill murder gave him was too strong. Evelyn Snariat, his sweetheart, was his next victim. By this time his family was getting weary of spending large sums to keep him out of trouble. He got 30 years for this murder. As a last gesture his family got him free in 12 years and told him bluntly to get out. They wanted no more of him.

So he went to Jacksonville to start a new life. His graying hair and his ministerial look made people like and even trust him, despite his prison record. Money was his problem. He solved this by courting Katie Speer, whose mother, Mrs. Lou Speer, was the richest woman in Jacksonville. The marriage was a great social event and for two years Powell lived a life of ease and respectability.

But the urge to kill still lurked in his mind. It burst forth when he and William Cowles, a prominent Jacksonville lawyer, had an argument on the street. Cowles died a few hours later in the bospital, with a slashed throat and body.

Again Powell was behind bars. His family refused to help. His mother-in-law filled the breech by spending \$50,000 in his defense and later on his parole. He walked out of prison after three years and into the arms of his loving wife. All would have been well if he

The suspect gave police a reason for cleaning bloodstained kitchen but it didn't sound as convincing as he had planned had stayed in his wife's arms, but women were his chief interest in life and in an unfortunate accident, his wife caught him in hed with another women

cauga mm in dee with sainting when it.

The fury of the wife and mother-in-law was in.

The fury of the wife and mother-in-law was in.

The fury of the wife and mother in-law due at spent \$50.000 to get him out of period. The wife and the sainting of the wife and the sainting wife and the mother-in-law kicked him bodily out of the house, giving as a fare-well shot the information that she was changing her will so that under no circumstances would Powell ever get his fingers on a penny if anything happened to her

daughter.

This presented a problem to Powell that required



quick action, before Mrs. Speer could change her will. At 9 o'clock that evening Powell was on the back porch of the home, knocking lightly on the kitchen door, Mrs. Speer opened it. Powell's left hand shot out, grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out into the darkness the had a harmer in his right hand and the first blow knocked the elderly woman unconscious. Two more blows smashed her skull and she lay on the porch floor blows smashed her skull and she lay on the porch floor

Powell walked into the dining room, Kate was at the buffet, heard him and turned quickly and gave a scram of terror. He was on her, the hammer crashing down on her head. Stunned and moaning weakly, blood gushing from her wounds, she broke away from him and got to the kitchen. Here Powell sent one well-directed blow and she crumoled to the floor.

The blood stopped flowing and Powell knew she was head. He tossed the bloodstauned hammer in the sink turned the water on. He was breathing heavily. The first part of his plan had worked according to schedule. He reached down and picked up the body of Kate and carried it into the bathroom.

He stripped the clothes off her and put her in the bathtub. This double murder had to be handled with



skill. There would be no chance for a self-defense plea, as there had been in the Cowles case. Nor would there be any family to put up large sums of money if any-

thing went amiss.

Powell faced a peculiar double problem. He had to make sure that the bodies of the two women would never be found, which would mean under the Florida laws that there would be no arrest or conviction for him, yet at the same time, in order to inherit the Speer fortune quickly he had to establish the fact that Mrs. Sneer and Kat, were dear.

Speer and Aate were dead.

There hadn't been much time to formulate a plan. His first problem was to make sure the bodies would mover be found. He had read once where if the stomach of a person was cut open, then the gases would escape and the body would never rise to the top of a river or and the body would never rise to the top of a river or

Powell walked to the kitchen cabinet and found the sharpest knife. He wasn't much of a surgeon Opening the stomach of Kate was a messy job. Then he brought the dead Mrs. Speer into the bathroom. His wife was wrapped in a blanket that would absorb the blood and laid on the bathroom floor. Mrs. Speer was placed in

the tub and her stomach slashed.

Powell piled the clothes taken from the two women up against the wall. He had to have other clothes, the ones they would be wearing if they went out, so he went upstairs, first to Mrs. Speer's bedroom where he took a coat, hat and gloves from the closet. Then he took a coat, hat and gloves from the closet. Then he He opened the closet door, grabbed a coat and hat. He smiled as he looked at the expensive suit the two wemnad purchased for him when he walked out of

The vest was a costly silk plaid. He didn't like it, as his tastes in clothes ran to the conservative, but he had worn it to please the women. After taking these clothes, he went back downstairs. The matter of weighting the two bodies down in the waters of Lofton Creek, five miles north of Jacksonville, was quickly arranged.

In the garage were several parts of an old automobile engine. These were placed in the car with a good supply of rope. Fifteen minutes later Powell was driving out of Jacksonville, the two bodies in the back seat with the weights and rope. In the front seat lay the pile of clothes taken out of the closets. The bloodstained hammer was also in the front seat.

Four miles from Jacksorwille he turned off the highway and onto an isolated country road that led through the woods to Lafton Creek. At the creek bank, he jumped out. The ground was muddy but footprints didn't worry him. He picked the body of Kate out of the ear, threw the blanketed weight over his shoulder, walked to the edge of the water, where he tied a rope to the body and the part of the old engine.

Getting Kate into the water was the next problem. She was too heavy to throw in the creek, so he walked out into the water, slid the body off his shoulder, and it went some distance out and sank slowly below the

Mrs. Speer was sent into the water in the same manner. There was some trouble with the blanket, which

Inspector Acosta (L) and State's Attorney Harrell had circumstantial evidence but needed proof in "perfect crime" caught on a rock. Powell gave it a violent shove and it went far beyond where Kate had sunk to the bottom

The hammer was still in the car, wrapped in paper to keep the blood off the cur seat. Powell took it and also the clothes of the two women and walked some distance up the bank. Here he hurled the hammer far out into the water. Then he piled the clothes in a bunch, of the blood of the blood

over the ashes to hide them from view. This done, he looked around to make sure he had left no clues behind. The fire had stopped smoking, and as far as he could see, only ashes remained of the garments. Then ho went back to the car, examined the ground at the edge of the river and around the car. He found nothing that looked suspicious, and after several minutes, he got in the car and



drove back home to Jacksonville. When he got back to the house he was faced with the job of washing the bloodstains from the floor. He did this carefully, knowing all the stains couldn't be removed. He had a ready explanation for these. For several weeks he had fed the dog, which had died the day before, raw and bloody meat. He could claim these stains were from the dog meat.

It was 3 o'clock before all this was completed. Powell sat down in the living room, poured himself a still draine of Sevals and social drain draine of Sevals and social drained detail of his plan. There was a feeling of nervousness, a sense of foreboding, that he couldn't completely plan could throw all put of gear. It didn't seem so simple and so safe now that it had happened. He poured himself a straight abot of put and the power of the power of the poured himself a straight abot of up and went usualist to be,

Daylight (Continued on page 76)



A WOMAN'S CRY, SHRILL

AND TERRIFYING CAME

FROM WITHIN THE KILN!

BY BRANDON WRIGHT

THICK FOG shrouded New York Harbor that chilly night in late September as Patrolman George Herrick walked his beat near the East River in lower Manhattan. At the corner of East Fifth and Lewis Streets, he paused under a street lamp to check his watch and saw that it was 3:05 n.M.

Just then a piercing scream cut the night air. It was the cry of a woman, shrill and rising in crescendo agonized and horrible. Herrick dashed down Lewis Street toward the spot

Herrick dashed down Lewis Street toward the spot from which the scream had come. He halted at the high gates of a lumber yard surrounded by an 8-foot board fence. What he wondered, could a woman be doing in such

a place at this time of night? But undoubtedly the scream had come from there. Herrick listened but the cry was not repeated. The patrolman now tried the latch of the huge gate

and found it securely bolted. For a moment he considered trying to batter it open, then abandoned the idea as futile.

The air around the lumber yard was heavy with the cunsent smell of burning charcoal from the kilns in-

side, where the wood was dried. Herrick knew that Sophic Poleski (r,) at the time of the marriage which was to provoke the violent temperament of a monster years later

these furnaces usually were banked for the night and not fired up until early the next day. Perbaps, he

thought, the fog had kept the smoke of the day's fires from rising. But as Herrick inhaled the smoke-laden air, another stronger scent assailed his nostrils. It was the sicken-

ing, unmistakable odor of burning flesh!
Looking up, he saw sharp tongues of yellow flame leaping from one of the stubby kiln chimneys. Someone was firing up this furnace in the middle of the night. But why?

That hideous scream resounding in his ears, Patrolman Herrick ran frantically along the high fence, seek-



ing some foothold so that he could scale it. Half a block down the street, he found an opening in the fenowhere two boards had been ripped away. He squeezed through and found his way barred by a stack of lumber more than 20 feet high.

Pulling himself up by his fingertips, he scaled the lumber pile and descended, only to face a great mound of earth taken from a nearby excavation. His legs sank knee-deep in the soft dirt as he clambered over this obstacle. Now the excavation was between him and the kilns. Only a narrow board stretched across the yawning gap. Herrick tiptoed along this to the other side.

There he ran to the kiln house and flung open the



Patrolman Herrick, who discovered burned body, takes down statement of suspect who tried to escape

heavy door. No one was in sight, but the furnace of one kiln was roaring. Through the grating of the firebox door, the flames cast an eeric, flickering light over the interior of the building.

Now the odor of burning flesh was stronger than ever. Reaching out, Herrick yanked open the furnace door and braved the fierce heat to peer inside.

door and braved the fierce heat to peer inside.

What he saw made his heart skip a beat. Crammed into the narrow firebox was a body—the body of a human being!

Herrick grabbed a long iron poker and thrusting it into the firebox, hooked the end around the body and pulled it out. The flaming, smoking corpse landed on the floor with a thud and the officer saw to his horror that it was the body of a woman.

Picking up a tarpaulin, Herrick threw it over the corpse and smothered the flames. Then he drew it back slowly to study what was left of the charred body. The fire had partially consumed the legs and arms. What was left of a black slik dress still clung to the torso, All hair had been burned from the skull, and only the victim's face miraculously had remained un-

only the victim's face miraculously had remained untouched. Even in death, the madonna-like features held a certain beauty. The eyes were closed as if in sleep. Who was thus woman, Herrick wondered, and who had thrown her into the furnace, possibly still alive? And why?

These questions pounding in his mind, he ran to give the alarm. At a police call box on the corner outside, he phoned the East Fifth Street station and made a brief report. Then be hurried back to stand guard over the body.

Minutes later, a prowl car slid to a stop in front of the lumber yard. Sergeant Patrick Walsh and Patrol-

Killer changed plca to escape electric chair as District Attorney Banton (r.) sought first-degree murder conviction

man Benjamin Cantor hurried through the gate, which Herrick had opened from the inside.

A squad car pulled up close behind the cruiser, bringing Detective Lieutenant Harry McAvoy and Detective James Marron, who followed the bluecoats in-

side to the kiln house.

For a moment they stood without speaking in a semi-circle around the charred corpse, staring down, their faces grim. Then, as the howl of an ambulance stren sounded in the distance. McAvoy broke the silence. "This beats them all," he muttered. "It's the most inhuman crime I ever saw."

The others nodded in solemn agreement as a whitejacketed interne entered the kiln house, followed by two attendants with a stretcher. The interne, Dr. John Moore of Bellevie Hospital, knolt beside the body and made a brief examination.

"You men have an errand to the morgue on your hands," he said, looking up at the attendants. "Calling an ambulance in this case was just a formality."

"Was the woman dead before she was thrown into the furnace?" McAvoy asked.

"That's hard to tell," the doctor replied, "until we operform an autopsy But us far as I can tell, she still alive when she was thrust into that inferno. There's a minor wound in her skull, but I hardly think it's a fracture."
"What about the time of death?" Marron inquired.

"What about the time of death?" Marron inquired.
"I'd say within the last hour or so. But the heat of
the flames may have caused changes that are misleading. She may have been dead only a few minutes."
"Your last statement probably is correct." McAyay

"Your last statement probably is correct," McAvoy said: "The officer on the beat told us he heard a woman's scream around twenty minutes ago and that's what brought him here. The victim was probably fighting off her slayer."

The detectives now examined the body for possible clues to the victim's identity and searched the searched for other evidence. The remnants of the woman's clothing bore no labels. She appeared to be in her late 20 or early 30s and obviously had been voluptiously attractive in life.

On the third finger of her left hand was a blackened gold wedding ring. McAvoy stripped the ring from the finger and examined it closely. Engraved on the inside was the inscription: "To Sophie From John With Love."
"At least we know the victim's first name and that of

her husband," the heutenant observed. "But that's not much help in a city of seven million persons. We can only hope this woman lived somewhere in the vicinity. It will narrow our search if she did."

Detective Marron, with the patrolmen, had com-

Deserter sargren, win the paroimen, and completed a search of the kinh house. "There's not a single thing in the place that doesn't belong here." he reported. "Not a sign of the weapon with which the victim was struck on the head."
"We'd better search the yard next." McAvor sus-

gested. "The killer may be hiding in it somewhere."

As the officers left the kiln house, the police photographer, who had arrived meanwhile, snapped the scene and the condition of the body. Then the attendants



covered the corpse with a rubber sheet and carried it out to the ambulance for removal to the morgue. For the next half hour, the detectives and uniformed men scoured the yard thoroughly, throwing the beams

of their flashes into every nook and cranny where a man could conceal himself. But they found no one. Returning to the kiln house, McAvoy asked Herrick,

"Are you certain that scream came from this building?"
"No," the patrolman admitted. "It might have come from anywhere inside this yard. But it did seem to come from this particular corner."

The lieutenant walked to the door and looked outside. Directly across from the kiln house was the main building which housed the yard's offices on the first floor.

"Let's have a look in there," he suggested, motioning for the others to follow. They found the door locked



Police carry charred corpse of Sopbie Poleski from building where she perished in flaming furnace

and McAvoy sent Herrick to telephone the yard's manager, whom the patrolman knew by name. Shortly the thin, elderly manager arrived, breathless and excited. "I got into my clothes as soon as I could!"

he exclaimed. "This is terrible! How could it have happened?"
"We may find out," McAvoy said dryly, "if you'll let

us into the main building."

The manager hurriedly produced a key and let the officers inside, where he switched on the lights. The offices were nest and in order. A search showed no

signs of a struggle or any violence.

At McAvoy's suggestion, the officers climbed the stairs to the second floor, where the rooms also were in perfect order. The third floor was equally unproductive of evidence, and the men trudged wearily to the fourth

floor—a storeroom—with little hope of finding a clue.

The lights in the storeroom did not entirely illuminate the recesses between the stock piles and the officers used their flashes to make sure they missed nothing.

ing.
Suddenly Marron cried, "Look here—this may be what we're hunting!"

McAvoy and the others joined him in a narrow alley between two stacks of finished woodwork. In the light of Marron's flash, jagged pieces of shattered green glass glittered on the floor. The leutenant stooped to make a close examination, sllpping on his gloves as he did so to svoid smudging possible prints.

"These are pieces of a quart bottle," be declared.
"From the smell and dark stain on the floor, I'd say it contained a small quantity of wine."

Looking further, he found a three-inch cork which confirmed his surmisal. Then something else caught his eye—a large black object half hidden under one pile of lumber. He reached out and picked it up. It was a woman's patent leather handbag.

woman's patent leather handbag.

"Now we're getting somewhere," he exulted as he opened the bag to examine its contents.

opened the bag to examine its contents.

He found the usual feminine articles of rouge, powder and lipstick, with a quantity of hairpins. But more than that, he discovered the stub of an electric light bill, stamped paid. Eagerly he read off the name and address: "J. Poleski, S11 East Eleventh Street, New York, N. Y."

ork, N. Y."
"That would be 'J' for John (Continued on page 78)

TEEN-AGE TERROR (Continued from page 13)

They were too weak to fight the Saxons. They were too unor-sanized to do battle with the Latin ganized to go dettile with the scalar Kings. Without a doubt they would have been ground to bloody pulp in a rumble with the Huns. Yet they were met for the purpose of some mass as-sertion. They had to express their festering hostility in some overt way. They needed to demonstrate their toughness in some tangible form. Had their families been interested

or aware, it would have been easy to evaluate the sudden rebellion of the boys against the entrenched discipline of their homes. There were sinister of their homes. There were sinister symptoms in the open defiance of parental authority. It was reiterated in the actions of the boys at school. Rocky Falcon and Tarzan Santana began to cut class more often than they attended. Santana, who was repeating his grade after twice being left back, confined his studies to devising new methods to mock and antagonize his teachers. The school authorities were at their wits' end as to how to proceed.
Tarzan was one of the chief lieu-

Tarram was one of the chief lieu-tenants of the gang. He was fast with his fists and had done a little boxing at the Police Athletic League gym-nasium. The boys chipped in for a black leather jacket for Tarram. He wore it the next time he fought in the elimination bouts at the PAL gym. and there was an official Navajo cheering section to root for his victory. became known in Saint Mary's Parish that the Navajos were good with their dukes, although, thus far, they had engaged none of the neighborhood

gangs in an open free for all For the most part, the gang concentated on pummeling stragglers. In-spired by the kill-for-a-thrill hood-lums in Brooklyn, they set upon va-grants and smaller boys, beating their victums unswereifully with their fists and with improvised blackiacks. On occasion the boys stole hubcaps

and other accessories from parked automobiles. They hooked cigarettes by distracting the owners of neighborhood candy stores which they entered In shifts of eight and twelve. drew upon the membership of girl gangs for relays of dates whom they speaked into cellars and into the back room of a Westchester Avenue laundromat. As the months marched by, the Navajos fought two successful for-ays with the Raiders. They cele-brated their victory by stealing two gallons of red wine from an Italian

Spring came late to the Bronx, this car. Slow forming leaf buds clung Behind the chain link fence along Trinity Avenue, caged forsythias bur-geoned timidly into yellow bloom. The flowering of the bushes in the park awakened sinister stirrings in the Navajos. On the night of April 4th, two teen-aged sisters were walking home along Concord Avenue after looking at television in the apartment of a friend. At 144th Street, they cut east to Southern Boulevard, where three black-lacketed hoodlums watched their progress from the curb cigarettes, swiped only minutes before from the confectionery store on the corner. He rolled a cigarette between his lips and lit it with a cupped match. "What do you say we take them in the bushes?" he suggested. The girls came nearer, walking arm in arm, aware that the Navajos were watching them out of slitted eyes.

"Look out for the creeps," the older one said to her sister. "Don't let them get between us." t between us. The boy with the cigarette flipped it

in the direction of the girls, then moved directly into their path to block their way. The sisters, clinging tightly to each other, drew up sharply. On the corner, the lights changed A surge of automobiles funneled into Southern Boulevard before the red signal shut off the valve. To the south, the headlamps of cars moving along the Triboro bridge made a glittering display for the rocky upthrust of Randalls Island. A tug wailed on the river

and the sound was lost in the polyglot night cry of the big town.

In Saint Mary's Park a 14-year-old blonde with a bleeding upper lip scratched and clawed at her attacker.

The soil beneath the forsythias, more dirt than earth, was rough and damp he hard backhand swipe that stung the girl's eye and ear drew a tight outcry from her bleeding mouth.

The 12-year-old sister lay retching

The 12-year-old saster lay retching on the new spring grass. A handful of dirt was clutched in the flexed fingers of her left hand. No more tears came from her puffed right eye. Until 3 o'clock in the morning, flash-lights wove threads of light over the gritty grass in Saint Mary's Park. The gritty grass in Saint Mary's Park. The

hoarse crackle of unimpassioned cop talk sounded from the loud speakers in a dozen radio cruisers which pain a dozen radio cruisers which pa-troled the streets from Third Avenue to Brucker Boulevard. Traffic surged with the lights. Planes blinked rhythmically between the fingerlike beams which raked the sky over LaGuardia field. At Fordham hospital an interne two rape victims, then plunged the needle of a hypodermic syringe into a membrane stoppered vial and went into the ante-room where a mother's hysterical sobbing had begun to hysterical sobbing had begun to threaten the septic silence of the ward.

Daylight came. A green Park partment truck stopped in front of the forsythia on Trinity Avenue. A griz-zled grounds worker with orders and a cross-cut saw went to work on the vellow forsythia. He cut them off low back of his truck.

At Olinville Junior High School. seven young punks were clustered behind the barred door of the boys washroom shooting the breeze and smoking forbidden eigarettes. One of them held up a pair of ripped rayon panties which had been balled up in his pocket. "Scrungie got a pair of pink ones," he told his impressed

The rape of two young girls in one more revolting an outrage for the fact Residents Fathers are urged to keep uses young daughters at home from the moment the sun goes down. "With the punks who run loose in this town, I wouldn't even let my wife go out after dark," a Bronx detective admits. "Those kids are tough

are tough."

There is no doubt that the Navajos had become tough. No tougher than the Saxons, certainly. No tougher than the Golden Guineas. Actually. the only differences between the kid

gangs of New York is geographic. They are indigenous to their several neighborhoods, otherwise they are pretty much the same. Common hungers dominate their herdings. A universal unrest underlies their movements as a mass.

Toughness is a creed of all the sangs, but because the Navajos were a new bunch, muscle flexing took on a special significance. The boys were without traditions, their prowess was unseasoned and untried

One of the kids, a little more imaginative than his pals, had brought to the gang's council table a number of provocative suggestions. He had a long talk with Superman, who immediately adopted these suggestions as

"We got to be able to move fast," he here mobility is what we got to have. You get bikes, see. We all ride in formation. When we got to raid somebody, we get there in a hurry and we get away fast. I also been working on ideas for secret weapons. We some ideas for secret weapons. We gonna have a demonstration behind Brook Avenue cemetery on

Superman had spoken. No less than 20 bicycles were stolen in the borough of the Bronx during the next 48 hours. Some were repainted. Some were stripped down to convey an impres-sion of speed. Some were affixed with sirens, "jet stream" spoke tappers, and the tails of foxes.

Even if the sociologist was silent, the evolving character of the Navajos would have been self apparent. But the historian could look at these boys and quote you chapter and yerse from trimmed with ostentatious brass, these sadists on bicycles, these unprincipled monsters who chose a cemetery for their Yucca Flat, they had their all too obvious counterparts. Theirs was the world in miniature. The full-scale one is something we made by our-

The weapons test in the Brook Avenue cemetery was a fantastic affair. It climaxed a night during which the Bronx police had to cope with a large scale rumble in Van Cortlandt Park, the shooting of a kid named Michael Ciroletta on Arthur Avenue, and the stabbing of Margaret Therese Cortez on 163rd Street by her rival for the affections of a kid-gang licutenant of the Burnside Beavers. Superman and two score of his fol-

lowers came to the cemetery with two and their necks were sloppered with rags. By some miracle, the boys did not blow themselves up. Setting fire to the rag fuses, they proceeded to throw their crude Molotov cocktails at the cemetery's headstones. Neigh-bors quickly telephoned the fire de-partment and the police. When the the Navajos jumped on their bikes

the Navajos jumped on their bikes and beat a hasty retreat so lucky in They were not always to lucky in their escapes. Alfredo Scrungie Ra-mircz was picked up and sent to War-wick Reform School on the complaint of a moiested gir. In March, Super-man himself had been picked up on complaint of a neighborhood chief with a blacklack.

By late April, there occurred two jos calling their fatal council of war.

The Navajos' original enemies, the Golden Guineas, had served notice on their downtown foes. The uniforms of the two juvenile mobs was too much alike, the Guineas said, "Change it or there's gonna be blood."

there's gonna be blood."

There was, in fact, some degree of similarity between the uniforms of both gangs. Black jackets and tight both gange. Discrete parkets and ague frontier pants were common to all of the jumor mobs, but both the Navajos and the Golden Guineas painted in-dian heads on the backs of their coats. On Thursday, April 21st, Tarzan Santana rode uptown on his bike to pick up Superman. When he reached Eastchester Avenue, he was pulled off his bicycle by a husky quartet of Golden Guineas. Tarzan fought like his namesake and managed to escape in one piece with his jacket still on his back. It was at his embittered in-sistence, however, that Superman was prevailed upon to summon his war-

had to be avenged. "Oksy," Superman told the boys.
"This is what we been waiting for.
Those guys went too far. Here's
where we got to give them their
lumps."

Weapons were taken from secret hiding places and apportioned out to a flying squad of Navajo commandos. Twelve of the toughest boys practiced combat tactics with brass knuckles and switch-bladed knives. Tarzan, for the occasion, bought a 32-caliber autothe occasion, bought a .33-caliber auto-matic from a neighborhood tough-matic from a neighborhood tough-arian a boxer," he told the gang, "I may be not be the stands of the stands of somebody's teeth. When I had so crums, I'm pulling this rod." The Navajos were impressed, Su-perman most of all. He fondled the gun lovingly, hefting its weight and

"Let me carry it for you," he pro-

"When we ride in to charge posed. posed. "When we ride in to charge them, let me be your gun bearer." Santana frowned. "The hell with that," he said. "I give good dough for that rod."
"You got to have a gun bearer,"
Superman insisted. "Like Jungle Jim

don't go no place without a gun bearer. Ain't that so, Rocky?" Rocky Falcon nodded. "Jungle Jim got this Hindu he should be his gun bearer," he asserted. Since Rocky was Tarzan's best friend, the boxer assented, "Okay," he said. "Superman can be my gun-

said. "Superman can be my my bearer."

The raid was set for 9 o'clock on Saturday night, the 30th of April.

Five Navajo raiders rode north along the Boston Post Road on their related forms hikes. Seven others stripped-down bikes. Seven others followed in a V-shaped echelon a mile behind them. All the hove wore handanas around their necks, to be thrust

p over their features as masks when the rumble began. Gun Hill Road, the two groups held a brief conclave before they separated. The seven continued along the original route of march. The five

scouts turned right and began to systematically cruise the saue suvers looking for members of the rival gang. Santana, Falcon, Superman and two unnamed underlings comprised the second group. Rocky Falcon spied a tematically cruise the side streets second group, norsy raison spicu a couple of teen-agers walking past a vacant lot on Wilson Avenue. He sounded the Navajo battlecry and began to pedal furiously. The two boys on the sidewalk stared at the five cyclists who had raised their hundana

masks and were charging up the Superman hurled himself from his blike and rushed to confront the pair. Rocky Falcon grabbed one of the strangers by the shirt front. "You guys Golden Guiness?" he

demanded.

The boy he had collared made an ill-advised attempt to brush away Rocky's hand. Superman pulled Tar-zan's pistol out of his pocket and lev-

it at the chest of the second "You Golden Guineas?" he repeated. You live around here?"
"I don't know what you're talking "You

about," the youth said slowly. "But don't point that gun at me." He was tall and steely-eyed. His voice was soft, but it carried a definite note of command. Superman lowcred

the gun. Tarzan Santana rushed over and grabbed the automatic out of Super-man's hand. "Don't chicken out!" he man's hand. "Don't chicken out!" he snarled. He held the gun close to his waist and fired pointblank at the tall youth. The report was not loud. A bursting

paper bag would have made more noise. The acrid wisp of gray which coiled from the muzzle had no more volume than an exhaled puff from a cigarette. The tail boy half turned, then pressed his hand to his chest and toppled forward.

There was a scramble as Superman

led his commandos back to their bikes. The startled companion of the fallen youth dropped to his knees beside his friend. "Bill—" he whispered hoarsely, "What'd they do to you, Bill?"

There was no mistaking the film of glaze that curtained Bill Blanken-ship's eyes, His friend, Salvatore Sirushed to the nearest house and called first his friend's father and William Blankenship Sr. arrived at William Blankenship St. arrived at Wilson Avenue within minutes after the call. Police were already at the scene and Chief of Detectives Thomas A. Neilson was on his way. An am-bulance from Fordham Hospital was zooming crosstown through the heavy traffic with its claxon wailing.

Inspector Moe Savage led Mr.
Blankenship away from the body.

"I've sent for a priest," he said, gently.

"The lad is dead."

"The lad is dead."
Young Bill Blankenship and his friend Salvatore were classmates at St. Michael's High. Bill was a brilliant student and a member of the football squad. Neither he nor Sal were members of any gang, and at the time of the unprovoked attack had

been innocently making their way to a neighborhood movie. William Blankenship Sr. was the director of medical and chemical research for the International Latex Corp. He was president of the Bronxwood Advisory Council and had de-voted much of his time to juvenile-civic activities. A wonderful father to his sons, he had recognized the evils which menaced the youth of his community. He had achieved prominence as an active and outspoken leader in the borough's fight against juvenile

"You just can't fight it," Mr. Blank-enship now told Chief Netson bit-terly. "We're whipped. Despite everything I've said and done, we've been caught and crushed."

A police cruiser took him home Young Billy's body was removed to the morgue where it was determined that a .32-caliber slug had passed through his arm and penetrated his

Thirty detectives were at once assigned to the case. The trail of the bike riding assassins was not difficult to follow. By 5:30 in the morning, twelve Navajos were in custody at the Wakefield Avenue station. By 6, de-tectives had collared 17-year-old Tar-zan Santana in his home and had located the automatic and a pair of brass knuckles in the bathroom water

"Okay, I did it," Tarzar, told the po-lice. He said it without feeling, with-out remorse. He was it mediately booked for homicide.

Rocky Falcon was also arrested and charged with rioting. Ten Navajos were detained as delinquent juveniles, among them Superman, who was deauthorities pondered the feasibility of

On Sunday afternoon Tarzan and Rocky, handcuffed together, left the Bronx station house to be photo-graphed and fingerprinted at Central Headquarters. The street outside was lined with youthful admirers. Four vectives at the cops and endearments to the boys.
"I love you, Tarzan," one of them

yelled. "Don't let them throw you." She wore a Police Athletic League pin which she claimed Santana had given her after winning it in a boxing Two of the other girls broke through

the restraining cordon of police to Santana, while the other clung to Rocky Falcon. The fourth girl hung nocky Falcon. The fourth girl hung back, having come only "out of re-spect" since she was Superman's "moll."

The two girls who protested their love for Tarzan amazed the police when one claimed to be Santana's steady girl while the other one ad-mitted to being his "spare."

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"Don't send them to Warwick," the girls begged the police. "Every time we meet a real fells, you bulls send him to Warwick."

Violence put young Bill Blanken-ship into his coffin. It also accom-panied his coffin to the grave. Ten teem-age gangsters, loitering outside the mortuary where the shooting victim lay, were arrested for scratching up automobiles of the mourners with broken glass and knife blades. Ryer Avenue police held them for van-

On the Monday young Bill was buried, Santana and Falcon were ar-raigned before Magistrate Hyman Korn. In court were the mother and sister of each boy. Santana's father was dead; Falcon's was in Puerto Rico. The words of the court was passed on to the sobbing women by a Spanish

to the sobbing women by a printerpreter.

"Young Blankenship ylelded his life in a senseless murder," Magistrate Korn said. "This, the whole committy murchant and the state of printerpreters of printerpreters." hysteria and sentimentalism, but in the ending of public apathy. If you ask me who is to blame, I would say that it is the people of the City of

New York. The press is awake, the police department is awake, but the public is asleep and until citizens wake up, this situation will continue."

Perhaps the magistrate is right. Perhaps the magistrate is right. It is part of the confusing pattern of the unspeakable tragedy that no one knows exactly where to point the accusing finger. The schools do as much as they can. The City Youth Board claims that the problem can be licked adequate recreation facilities qualified staffs.

The kids have another answer. The leather jackets have only contempt for weakness and indecision. On Thurs-day, May 5th, after District Attorney Daniel V. Sullivan promised a vigor-ous and speedy prosecution of the two gauntlet. A hangman's poose was tied gauntiet. A hangman's nocee was tied to the door of a patrolman whose beat includes the Edenwald Housing Proj-ect. A black-jacketed sniper fired a 45-caliber slug at another police officer. The son of a third cop was badly mauled and sent home with his face in ribbons and his clothing in

rags. "Your father is next," the kids told The police believe that a "get tough policy and the authorized use of nightsticks would eventually bring to bear on the situation. Mr. William Blank-enship does not believe that this is the

answer.
"Teen-aged boodlumism that could strike a blow like this right into my home in spite of everything I did to protect mine from harm, that kind of protect mine from harm, that kind of boodlumism isn't the disease itself. It is a symptom. It is the outward sign that everything here is rotten. I know when I'm licked. I'm getting out." After further thought, however, Mr. Blankenship decided, to stay in the

city, active in anti-delinquency affairs.
We share the bereaved father's grief We share the bereaved father's grief, as well as his viewpoint. We who must stay and see the fight through are called upon to meet fire with fire. The gangs may be tough, but we must be tougher. The time has come for action, and we dare not "chicken out."

THE END

APRIL 19, 1955-Police find

"3 BODIES IN BROOKLYN"

The apartment housed only the dead. The man and the woman were laid out on the floor, neatly covered with sheets. The child was in the refrigerator.

You'll be shocked by this amazing story of violence in AUGUST



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PORTLAND, OREGON, APRIL 21, 1955

TEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE-the first two tries at murder failed. But the love of a woman spurred bim on, and the bomb worked fine.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, APRIL 23, 1955

THE DENTIST MIXED HIS OWN KNOCKOUT PILLS-until Mary Moonen, his last woman patient, was found strangled in a lilac lane.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., APRIL 12, 1955

WHO LEFT THE MURDERED BLONDE ON THE CAMPUS?-Melvina was pretty and a good sport. She got a lot of fun out of life. And this was her night for celebration-not murder.

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, APRIL 1, 1955

THE KILLER HATED VIOLENCE-it made him ill to discuss the double murder he had committed.

NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM

(Continued from page 43)

undercover man said, "but he'll be Stay where you are and call me the moment he goes into the bar," the in-spector instructed. "We can't let him alip away this time." The telephone in Manion's office

rang less than an hour later.
"He just entered the hotel," the un-

dercover man told the inspector. "He's in the bar now." "Don't let him out of your sight,"
Manion said. "Til be right there."
Inspector Manion summoned De-

tective Sergeant Peter Hughes, an officer who had known and worked with the late Detective O'Dea. "It will be a pleasure to get my hands on the man responsible for O'Dea's death," Hughes told Manion after the inspector had briefed him

what was happening The undercover man was waiting near the hotel when they arrived. He fingered the suspect and then stayed the background. Both Manion and ing with a man of almost superhuman ing with a man or almost supersistength; and that special caution would have to be exercised if they work to capture him. They dedged into a doorway as Carl Otto moved from the hotel bar towards the door. As the squat man with the long dan-gling arms came out Inspector Manion stepped forward. Hughes was ready

for any move.
"You're Carl Otto," Manion stated," "and we're policemen. You're wanted."
The fact that there were two of
them didn't faze the apermin. He swung at Hughes, who was getting handcuffs ready, and sent him sprawl-ing in the street. Manion reached for ing in the street. Manion reached for him, but Carl Otto grabbed his arm with such force that he almost tore it from its socket. The next moment he had brought a gun from his coat pocket. Hughes sot up swinging and Manion jumped the gunman from the other side. They all went down, a tangle of threshing limbs and heaving

The gun had been knocked from Carl Otto's hand in the struggle and Manion managed to kick it out of his reach. It took a full ten minutes for the two officers to subdue their captive, but it was finally accomplished. Hughes got the handcuffs on him and the two officers took him to head-

quarters.
"You can put me in prison," the stubborn ape-man told his captors, stubborn ape-man told his captors, "but you can't keep me there."

The prison board added a year to Carl Otto's sentence and he was sent back to San Quentin. The last time he faced Manion he told him, 'Til come back. And the next time I'll tear you

The board heard about this threat nd decided to send the prisoner to Folsom Prison instead of San Quentin Sergeant Hughes went in to see Inspector Manion the day Carl Otto was sent away. "There's one tough guy we'll never see again," the detective stated confidently.

"Right," the inspector agreed, "They know they've got to watch him at Folsom. He won't get out again."

But both officers were overly on-Carl Otto knew all about Folsom.

others on the walls sprang into ac-tion. Bullets from their rifles and machine guns rained against the engine cab

He knew that California sent its toughest criminals there and that prisoners who didn't behave themselves paid dearly for any trouble they made. He also knew that the high walls on three sides of the prison were patroled day and night by vigilant, armed

guards who wouldn't hesitate to shoot anyone who tried to escape. On the fourth side, the American River swirls in its steep and rocky bed, threatening death to anyone daring enough to

try to cross it.

The new prisoner turned all this over in his mind. His strong arms over the armed guards; and to try to swim the river would be committing suicide. In the end he knew he'd have to wast for

some unforeseen opportunity and make the most of it when it came. Carl Otto had to wait nearly three ears. Then, on the morning of May 20th, 1920, his opportunity came. The Folsom officials hadn't put him in the butcher shop, but on the rock quarry

On that particular morning there were two other convicts working on the rock pile with him. The ancient yard engine that pulled the cars filled with rocks puffed along the waterfront tracks and finally entered the prison gates and made its way to the quarry. Carl Otto stopped to watch it. He

saw the armed guards meet the ento the lower yard. The gate was closed behind after it entered. The guards were left in the background. The nearest ones were 50 yards away on the other side of the tracks; and there were only two of them standing more or less at ease. When the engine passed these guards the three con-victs could not be seen by them. The victs could not be seen by them. The desperate ape-man believed that this situation presented the opportunity for which he had been waiting three long years. He thought quickly as the engine moved toward him.
"Listen." he said to the other con-

"Listen," he said to the other con-victs, "I'm taking that engine through the gates. Are you with me?" Otto told them exactly what to do toward them, finally arrived opposite

It was between the convicts and the guards.
"Now!" yelled Otto. With that word the spe-man and

his two partners jumped aboard the engine. The engineer went down un-der his blows. The other two battered threw him out of the cab Carl Otto had never driven a rail-

road engine, but he took over, deter-mined to do so now. He maneuvered the controls wildly and a burst of steam enveloped the cab. Somehow he managed to get the controls into reverse. Then the big driving wheels ground backwards as the power took hold. The engine was headed back down the tracks toward the barred

The two guards in the yard and

Otto shouted, "Heads down. We're going through!" There was a terrific crash as the heavy engine hit the iron bars, tear-

ing the metal that supported the gates from the stone masonry. But arl Otto and his two aides were outside and the rock train was pounding backwards down the tracks. He shut off the steam and looked down at the dashing against rocks in the middle and on both sides

nd on both sides.

It was enough to test the most desperate convict's courage. men looked down and then at Otto.

One of them said, "If we jump we'll be killed. Nobody can swim in that

"It's jump or get shot," the ape-man snapped. "So I'm going to jump." The other two looked at the foaming waters and then behind them. The prison guards were running down the tracks after them, firing as they

"Jump!" Carl Otto shouted. "It's our only chance A moment later be had leaped from the cab to a rock and then into the swirling white waters. The two he left behind raised their hands in a gesture of surrender. They had had

Bullets from the guards' rifles whizzed all around the desperate apeman. He bobbed up and then disappeared He bobbed up several times

"We got him all right," one of the guards said. "The next time anybody sees his body it will be in a morgue. bullets didn't get him nobody

The two convicts who had sur-rendered went back inside Folsom under heavy guard while a dozen armed men kept watch over the river for some sign of the ape-man's body. A temporary barricade was made at the prison gate where the engine had crashed through and guards were stationed there until another could be

During the days that followed the river was dragged and guards combec Carl Otto's whereabouts, dead alive, but no trace was found Everyone agreed that no human could survive under such conditions.

so it was believed that Carl Otto was Inspector Manion read all about the attempted prison break and discussed it with Detective Sergeant Hughes. "We're rid of the ape-man at last," Manion said. "The river took care

Manion said. Hughes went along with that ought. "Carl Otto's dead, all right," thought.

But they were wrong again San Francisco experienced no new wave of burglaries, however, and there was no way for Inspector Man-ion and Detective Hughes to know

that the spe-man was still very much Across the bay, in Oakland, Man-ion's friend, Inspector John Mulhern, said things were unusually quiet over

"We've only got one interesting case on the books." Mulhern told Manion. on the books," Mulhern told Ma "And maybe it's not a case at all." The San Francisco officer asked

what that one was about "One of my men was making a rou-"One of my men was making a rou-tine check-up of pawnshops," Mul-hern said, "and came across a broker who had paid \$300 for 40 suits of men's clothing. It doesn't sound right. If anything breaks on it I'll let you

After the Oakland officer hung up he decided to look into this pawnshop deal himself. "Isn't that quite a bit of cash for you to put out for 40 suits?" he asked the broker. "I thought you usually paid two dollars for a suit. How

come you made it seven-fifty, and for so many?" The man behind the counter shrugged. "This stuff was unusually

eling salesman's samples."
"And what was a traveling sales-man doing selling all of his samples?"
the inspector wanted to know. "He told me this was the end of

his run," the pawnbroker claimed, "and he said he could get a better price for his stuff than he could back East." Mulhern didn't go for that. "You know as well as I do," he said, "that reputable salesmen don't sell their samples to hock-shops. Did you ever

buy anything from this guy before?" The man said be hadn't. The inspector was an old hand at looking over pawnshop record books. who had sold the 49 suits for which \$300 had been paid. Then he fingered through the preceding entries. He stopped when he came to a specimen of handwriting that resembled the

of handwriting that resembled the signature accompanying the 40 suit deal. The name was different, but the writing appeared to have been done by the same person.

"Here's an entry on two watches," Mulhern said, "and the guy who hecked them writes just like the one who sold you those new suits. How about that!"

"Maybe they write the same way the pawnbroker said, "but it wasn't the same guy. It couldn't be." "Why not? Since when does everybody use their right names in hock-

A more careful study of the record book showed that many other valua-ble items had been pawned by someone whose handwriting looked to be the same as that already questioned by Mulhern. The names themselves were different, however, The inspector pointed this out to the pawnbroker. "I don't know what to make of it."

"Yes, you do," Mulhern told him, "and if you won't talk here I think you will when you get to Headquar-

ters."
With that statement the pawn-broker weakened. "It was the same suy all right," he said finally. "But he made me take the stuff. I was eared stiff he'd tear me apart if I didn't."

"The bear was the same intimidate of the stuff."
"The mean you let a man intimidate of the stuff."

"You messi you let a man hammane you right here in your own shop? Why didn't you throw him out? You're no midget."
"It's hard to explain," the man said. "This guy wasn't unusually large, in fact he was on the short side. But he talked tough and he was the kind of

guy who means what he says."

Mulhern reasoned that if the man
who had pawned all that stuff felt he get in touch with him if this han-

get in touch with him it has nappened.

When Mulhern got back to his office a report on a robbery in Livermore, a town southeast of Oakland, was waiting for him. A men's outfitting store had been broken into and to the ones pawned in Oakland had been stolen. Mulhern was positive

there was a connection.

He didn't have to wait long to find out. When his telephone rang the next morning it was the pawnbroker "That man was here again. the inspector. "This time he told me me'raid a lot of new men's snoes.

We're lucky because he didn't have
them with him. I told him I'd buy
them and he's coming back."

Mulhern said he'd be right over.

Mulhern said he'd be right over.

"I'll take up a position across the
street from your shop," he told the
street from your shop," he told the
caller. "Keep your door open. If he
cames back close it. Maybe you won't
have to give me the signal. He'll be
carrying a bundle with shoes in it and
I'd say it would be a big one. I'll

The inspector waited across the street several hours.
Finally he saw the pawnbroker waving his arms, motioning for him

Pointing down the street he said, "That's the man. I almost missed him. He walked right by. I was sure he Mulhern saw a short, squat figure some distance away. He was headed towards a public park at Seventh and Webster Streets. The inspector started A friend called to Mulhern at the orner. "What's the hurry, copper," The officer waved and let him know he was after somebody and couldn't

he was after somebody and country top to talk. "Need any help?" the friend asked. "Not with this guy," Mulhern said, pointing to the short, squat man ahead of him. The friend decided to go along any-

way and watch the inspector make Mulhern quickened his steps; soon alongside the man he wanted to question. "I'm a police officer," he

said, flashing his badge. The suspect whipped out a gun-Mulbern was ready. His fist landed a solid blow on the man's jaw. Its impact would have knocked the aver-age man cold, but not this one. He age man cold, but not this one. He was azzed only momentarily; and Mulhern managed to grab the wrist of the hand that held the gun. They went down in the dirt, the suspect trying to use his gun and the inspector trying to pin him down. They rolled over in a rough and tumble until Mulhern finally managed to make his op-

The inspector's friend, who had been nearby, was amazed when he saw the powerfully built Mulhern wasn't go-ing to be able to hold the smaller fellow down. He waited his chance and then stepped in and slugged the man who was putting up such a fight get his sap from his back pocket. He let the man have it over the head with such force that the sap burst and its load of shot went pelting into the street.

That put the suspect out just long enough for Mulhern to get the handcuffs on him. The fight was over.

ponent drop the weapon.

"Get up!" Mulhern ordered. As the man slowly rose to his feet the inspector got his first good look at him. "You're Carl Otto?" he said. "No wonder you put up such a fight." The prisoner said, "What if I am?"

Inspector Mulhern had to smile. "You're supposed to be dead," he said. "You jumped into the river at Folsom. Everybody thought you died "I'm very much alive," the ape-man ragged. "And no jail can hold me"

Mulhern picked up Carl Otto's gun It was lucky the prisoner hadn't been given a chance to use it because he had notched each bullet so that when it hit somebody it would mushroom. causing it to tear a wound.

Carl Otto was returned to Folson time would never come

The prison board looked into his record and found that he was an alien wrongfully in the United States. They decided that he had been kept at public expense long enough. Deportation was the answer

On April 15th, 1928, Carl Otto was On April 15th, 1928, Cari otto was returned to Oakland under beavy guard. He was placed aboard a many. It's quite certain that he watched the San Francisco skyline fade in the distance from a tuny barred window in the ship's brig. It's equally certain that that was his last equally certain that that was his last glimpse of the American mainland



the man insisted

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KILLER FROM THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 29)

talk about Barrett's latest boasts. And in due time that talk reached the ears of the federal authorities who had had him under more or less casual surveillance for some years. It was not, however, until after the shooting of his mother and asster during the following year, that the newly as-following year, that the newly as-flower, issued orders that a special Hoover, issued orders that a special watch be kept on his activities.

watch be kept on his activities. Hoover admitted there was nothing for which he could bring Barrett in awas little doubt he had been mixed up with illiest whiskey rings since his a shocking country of the unwarranted leminery on the part of various orderenment agencies in the part, the brill be watched. The next insistep he brill be watched. The next insistep he half be watched. The next insistep he hell be watched to be a single part of the next insistence in the n

agency the world has ever known. During the trial of Barrett for his mother's murder, an agent was assigned to watch the proceedings, although there was no question of the crime being a federal offense. The proceedings of the crime being a federal offense of the trial the freed killer was appointed to the crime to t

Shortly after the conclusion of the trial the freed killer was appointed personal bodyguard to Commonwealth Attorney Baker, the man whose duty it had been to prosecute him. After that even the local authorities—excepting, of courte, those aligned soid old Uncle Jimmy was a man whose old Uncle Jimmy was a man whose

About this tume Barrett went off on one of his frequent trips to parts unknown. It was also about this time that Sheriff John Schumacher of Butler County, up in Ohio where other members of the Barrett clan had migrated alone a recent outbreak of feuding among their kinfols, started reported stolen from outlying farms.

reported stolen from outlying farms.
When it became apparent that the missing automobiles had been taken out of the state, Sheriff Schumacher called upon the assistance of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Only recently Congress had passed legislation that made the taking of a stolen automobile scross a state line a federal

By the time two FBI men arrived in Butler County, Deputy Sheriff Charles B. Walker had come on from adjacent Hamilton County with information that a man answering to Barrett's description was wanted for the theft of an automobile from there a few days

offense

before, the two covernment mea, Agents Neison B Klein and Den C. McGovern, more than a month to trace the three missing cars. Two of trace the three missing cars. Two of trace the three missing cars. Two of the control of the contr

of the Kentucky mountaineer sus-

back in Ohio several weeks earlier. Within a few days of the San Diego robbery the last of the three stolen cars was found sbandoned on a downtown street in that city. Local agents of the FBI went over the machine with a fine-toothed comb. They turned up several fingerprints that were very similar to those of the man upon whom they had been trying to

positive identification could not be made.

Witnesses to the robbery later looked at photographs of Barrettrogues gallery shots that showed a quiet, well-dressed man who in appearance was the exact opposite of the hill-country feedist of song and story—and expressed their willingness to appear in court and ever he was

the holding man. The hunt for George W. Barrett was intensified. Thousands of circulars went out to local peace officers throughout the country. During the next two years these circulars brought results—but not exactly the kind of results the autherities back in Ohio

and Kentucky had boped for. What the state and federal men did learn was that a smooth talking, quet manered paid of Barrett's description manered paid of Barrett's description separated places. Always he was accompanied by a good looking, well-dressed woman several years younger the same woman, although he would invariably introduce her as his wife. He never lost an opportunity to exhibit one of the numerous marriage that the same woman although the would invariably introduce her as his wife. He never lost an opportunity to exhibit one of the numerous marriage ready at hand mend to have always ready at hand mend to have always ready at hand mend to have always ready at hand.

Barrett during this period was known to be traveling under a variety known to be traveling under a variety driving an sutemobile, although it was rarely the same automobile and was rarely the same automobile and the was potted on trains and serplanes. At least 50 of the more than 6000 period of the presence of the property of the presence in their traveling reports of the presence in their form Big Hill, Kentleyty.

the state of the state had been added to the newly inaugurated list of the Bureau's Ten Most-Wanted Men. Every agent in the country was aware he would likely be armed and would resist

and September of that year two strangers entered the little town of Manchester, about 30 miles from Barrett's old home at Bag Hill, Kentucky. One of the pair was a diganised, beexpensive gray suit and immaculate linen. Villagers later were to describe him to Federal men as Tooking lake one of them college professors, preacher of some kind."

Along with this distinguished appearing visitor, there arrived a man whose general build and facial features closely resembled his own. They were joined by a third man that same day, a Saturday during the last week of the month. All retired to a suite in the local hotel arranged for by a "Mr Baker, of McKee."

and indicate on measurement of the state of the country of the cou

Frank Baker, the former Commonwealth attorney for Jackson County, was in the lead. Behind him come Barrett, the man he had unsuccessfully prosecuted for murder. Next to Barrett was another hired bodyguard, a man whose identity never was to

Hardly had the group started their stroll when there came the sharp report of a high-powered rifle Baker staggered and fell to the street. The man next to Burrett drew his revolver and started firing. Another rifle shot, and started firing. Another rifle shot, monwealth attorney. George Barrett turned and field back into the hotel.

turned and fied back into the hotel.

When the smoke cleared they found Baker and his bodyguard dead of builtet wounds through their hearts.

Barrett was gone before the authorities could question him.

tes could question him.

A purely local shooting affray is not a matter in which the FBI can take a hand unless one of its own agents is involved. But when the local authority of the fact that the f

Support of the property of the purpose of getting information that might aid them in rounding up some participant.

most invariable these gents also come than they had before they arrived.

For even the local and state officials in the "testings counter" of Kertneky to the bestern of the breaks and short ings and stabburgs that mark ings and stabburgs that mark ings and stabburgs that mark in the bestern of the breaks and the breaks

were not included to talk about it.
were not included to talk about it.
They knew from long experience the
changer of vom long experience the
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changer of vom long experience
in the could draig on for generations.
About all Agents Klein and McGrovern were able to learn about

could arm on nor generation and Mochange and Marche to learn about a George Barrett's part in the battle to the second of the second of the mass that he had field at the first shot. They were convinced he had gone to the man who had done so much to get the man who had done so much to get several years before. But that is all the second of the second of the second verying relatives were not talking, and they never were able to learn the identity of the other murdered man. For months after that little was heard of Uncle Jimmy. In January of 1935, a man answering to his description stopped at a Hazard, Kentucky, hotel in company with a pretty girl half his age. They registered as man and wife.

The people of Hazard, a conserva-tive southern town of 9000 population, kept a close watch on strangers in their midst. There were some who thought it strange that such a pretty young girl would be married to a graying, grave-faced man so much older than herself. The girl was questioned and ad-mitted she was not legally married to the older man. Her companion was arrested, charged with adultery— fined \$20 and freed. Two weeks later fingerprints forwarded to the FBI in Washington revealed the adulterer

Asain five months later, the federal men narrowly missed their quarry. A bespectacled transient was nabbed in a hotel at Hardinsburg, Kentucky, afthe room of another guest. He quickly admitted his gufft, paid a small fine and was released. Again delayed fingerprint reports proved him to be Uncle Jimmy Barrett. In June, the following month, an interesting clue came out of Covington, Kentucky. A local key-maker re-ported one of his customers was buy-

ing duplicates of automobile keys by the score. Immediately, special agents suspected a link to someone in the stolen car racket, and an operative from Louisville was sent to investi-The key-maker looked over photographs of known and suspected inter-state car thieves. He finally picked a mug-shot showing a bespectacled, squint-eyed man with thinning gray hair as his late customer. A stake-out was put in the locksmith's establishment but Uncle Jimmy never returned

Warrants were now out charging Barrett with the San Diego robbery. the car thefts in Ohio, and for his arrest as a "material witness" in the shootings at Manchester and the earlier shooting of his sister, Rachel. Half a dozen women had filed complaints with the local authorities in towns all the way from New York to California, accusing him of wooing them, wedding them and leaving

From orphan asylums and welfare agencies scattered throughout the more than a dozen children whose as a smooth-talking mountain man who had loved them and left them at about the time other husbands would have been nervously pacing hallways The federal men wasted little time in checking the stories of these abandoned wives and sweethearts and their orphaned children. Experience

had taught them that about the only their man would be in the vicinity of one of his belnless love-dupes once he had abandoned her for another. Back in the town of Hamilton, Ohio, rounty seat of Butler County, Sheriff John Schumacher was keeping a constant watch on the activities of the other members of the Kentucky family who had come up there to make their home. He had, since the last shooting down in Kentucky, learned EXCESS WEIGHT ... The Killer!

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City Tone State _____ that Uncle Jimmy still kept in close contact with members of his family. Sheriff Schumacher was also keeping in close touch with the FBL fie told them he was confident Barrett would return to Hamulton sooner or later to visit his folks there, especially as his young son was at the time staying with an uncle near town. The sheriff was instructed to get

The sherriff was instructed to get into immediate bouse with the Cincinn into immediate bouse with the Cincinn in the control of the control

The Refilterry gumman.
A day or two after the limping man.
A day or two after the received word
from the FBI that Barrett had last
been seen wearing a disguise that
matched exactly that of their suspect!
Meanwhile City Detectives 26 Riley
and Herschel Haunes learned the limping man had appeared at a local sutomobile dealer and arranged for the
over from Indiana in a few days. The
over from Indiana in a few days. The

suspect was traced to a Hamilton hotel, but there his trail ended. Again
agents were staked out to wait for him
to show up, and again Barrett seemed
to sense the hot breath of the law
on his neek.

A check was made at the parking
tot and it was learned the impung
was going over to Indianapolis for a
few days and would be back in town

tow they assess mountained by the control of the co

ne would be in the same machine when he returned—if he did return.

Finally it was agreed that Barrett's most likely route would take him along what is now U. S. Route 50 to a point some 30 miles southeast of Indinapolis where it intersects State Route 44, then due east another 28 miles to the intersection of U. S. 27, and on south to Hamilton.

and on south to Hamilton.

Somewhere along that route the federal agents hoped to lay in wait and capture their quarry. The best spot, they decided, would be in a restion where there would be compared.

tively little danger of other motorists or innocent bystanders being injured if the fight they anticipated was to

take place.

After further discussion it was decisied to split up the group, with some of the officers taking positions midway between the two cities. Klein and McGovern would lie in wait at the junction of Route 44 and 27 in the little village of West College Corners, Indisna, on the borderline between the two states.

At a few minutes before noon the two Cincinnal agents spotted a set with Ohlo plates coming toward them with Ohlo plates coming toward them yard at the intersection of the two roads. They instantly recognized the leense number as one on their list of leense number as one on their list of leense number as one on their list of leense have been as the leense for their list of leense that the leense number of the state. Then here saw that the ear fitted the description of that in which Barrett had last been out of the plane of their leense of their leense of their leense leense of their leense of their

The machine slowed almost to a stop as it approached the sharp turn into Route 27. Following instructions from the local police, the neighbors were in the back part of their homes, away from danger. Half a block down away from changer. Half a block down carefully from behind the partly opened door of his general store. Deputy Sheriff Walker of Butter County was stationed in his automotion.

September issue of

MASTER DETECTIVI

on sale at all newsstands July 28th

bile a hundred yards east on Route 27, prepared to intercept Barrett's car should be fail to hait at the G-men's

order.
Klein and McGovern stepped into
the middle of the intersection as Barrett's car came almost to a stop. Klein
held a 38 Colt Special and McGovern

Before either could shout the order to halt, Barrett stepped on the gas and his car shot off down the street. Just before it reached the spot where Deputy Walker was already poiling out to intercept it, the driver pailed to the curb with a screech of brakes. and running toward an alley that ran back behind the yard. Exactly what occurred during the

Exactly what occurred during the next few moments is a matter upon which a Federal Court jury in Indianapolis was to pender for many hours at a later date. But when the abouting was over Agent Keen lay abouting was over Agent Keen lay along the proper of the second of the study that the property of the second return the second of the second of the study through his heart. George Exrett, shot through both knees, lay a

hundred feet away.

As McGovern and Walker ran up,
they heard Barrett cry, "You can't
blame me for shooting down a man

like that. He'd of got me sure if I hadn't got him first." Residents arrived in time to hear the wounded gumman mutter, "There's a government man over there. I shot

a government man over there. I shot him down. I was in a bit of trouble and they been hot after me for four years."

When, early in December of the same year, Barrett appeared in the Federal District Court at Indiannolis

same year, Harrett appeared in the Federal District Court at Indianagoils to answer for the murder of the FBI man, he denied making either of those man, he denied making either of those to hear a murder case in an Indiana Federal Court, Barrett swore he thought Kielin and McGovern were mountain feasits who were after his the shootings in Manchester twelve months entered to the court of the the shootings in Manchester twelve months entired.

During a trial at which U. S. marshals daily went through the clothing of all witnesses and the defense attorney himself in a search for weapons, a dozen persons were called in an effort to prove George Barrett was a harmless hillbilly whose worst vice was playing knock rummy for a

penny a point.

Barrett under direct examination told Defense Attorney Edward E. Roce that only a short time before the shooting he "was warned by a John Law that those feudists were gunning to get me." That, he said, was why lee had left Hamilton so undenly just before Klein's death, wearing a disguise and affecting a line.

guise and affecting a limp.
Questioned about the earlier trial
during which he was charged with the
murder of his own mother, the defendant's normally soft voice rose to
a scream as he cried, "I wish I could
go to Heaven and explain why I had
to kill her!"

He denied being responsible for half a dozen graves scattered throughout the hall country of his native state, but admitted most of the long last of other charges leveled against him by U. S. District Attorney Val Nolan. In a measured, well modulated voice he told of the "seven or eight wives" he bad left in various parts of the country. He boasoled of his "wenty or so

The slain FBI agent's widow and their three small children were in the courtroom when the jury returned its verdict finding Uncle Jimmy guilty of murder in the first degree. They heard Judge Robert C. Baltzell sentence hir to be hanged on the morning of March 24th, 1936, exactly three months from the day the trial ended.

On that day a calm and restraince prisoner roue from the wheelchair to which be had been confined since his recovery from the bullet wounds suffered during the shooting of Kieni. He was helped by Marion County Sheefi Otto Ray as he limped toward the gal-Marshal Julius J. Weschter was to

Marshal Julius J. Weschter was to officiate at his hanging. The Reverend John F. McShane who had converted the killer to the Catholic faith as he waited in the Marion County Jail to pay the penalty

searing county sair to pay the penalty for his crime, was the last person to speak to him before he fell to his death just before dawn. By daylight all evidence of the scaffold and tent that had covered it was entirely removed.

Entron's Nove: The name. Jeff Cline, is fictitious.

(Continued from page 23)

possibility after another petered out, a squad of deputies was assigned to examine every shack and shed along the river in its upper reaches, in search of bloodstains or other clue to the place where the body had been cut up. River habitues and transients

questioned. But days went by without any further development, the inquiries dwindled to a trickle, and it began to look as though the Lynwood Torso Mystery was to go down in the books as one of Southern California's un-solved murder riddles. The Jane Doe torso, treated with preservatives, was kept in a special refrigerated viewing compartment at the morgue, but not

many people came to look at it.

The torso case had long since vanished from the news columns and the Homicide men were routinely checknomeion men were routinely check-ing out belated inquiries from other parts of the country, when six weeks later, on the sunny afternoon of May 8th, it was revived in grotesque and

An excited and almost incoherent housewife telephoned Police Chief Harry R. Smith of the small town of Bell, a few miles up the river from Lynwood. "Some boys—they're parading down Florence Avenue with a human head-on a stick

This was a new one on the veteran chief, who had all but forgotten the torso sensation under the press of other police work, and it sounded like a hysterical false alarm of some sort. Probably the boys had a dummy head or a mask. Who ever heard of a human head on a stick, on the main street of quiet suburban Bell in broad daylight? Nevertheless, Chief Smith had to do his duty, so with a sigh he put on his cap and climbed into his

But it proved no false alarm. Smith caught up with the boys at the busy intersection of Florence and Atlantic Boulevard—a little band of half a dozen serious-faced youngsters in a tight defensive knot, surrounded by a growing crowd of excited elders. The leader, a sturdy 10-year-old, held the gruesome trophy—a human skull with bits of mummified flesh ad-

skull with bits of mummified nean achering—aloft on a three-foot stick.

"Where did you get that, sonny?" the chief asked the boy mildly.

"We found it, down by the river where we were hunting frogs?"

Smith persuaded the lads to take a ride in his polkee car. They let him take the skull off the stick, which had some time, but a few tufts of hair clung to the scraps of leathery scalp, and the incongruously white teetb seemed to be almost intact. No telling whether it was the head of a man or

whether it was the need of a man or a woman. Smith put the severed skull in a sack he obtained from a storekeeper, and notified the sheriff's office, for the river was in county territory. Then he had the willing boys guide him out along the road to the river bottoms, atong the road to the river bottoms, where they pointed out the exact spot where they had found their grisly prize, on a small muddy island left by When the latest grim yield of the river was brought to Dr. Wagner's office at the morgue late that after-noon, the autopay surgeon, after brief scrutiny, pronounced it to be the skull of a woman between 40 and 50 years

old.
"I judge it to be a small-boned woman, rather than a man, by the small cransal cavity, the narrow lower jaw, and the small proportion of the Wagner explained to Captain Bright "As for the age, we can estimate that from the degree of ossificationhardening, that is-of the bones. there are certain characteristics of the

there are certain characteristics of the lower jawbone that change with the different periods of life. And the su-tures on top of the skull—they close they're almost completely closed. "The "Then this skull doesn't belong to the Lynwood torso?" Bright queried, frowning as he eyed the dark brown tufts of hair. "We've got two un-identified victims, then?" "That's right. The torso is that of a oung girl, and this head belongs to a

mature woman, But it shouldn't go unidentified very long, with all this dental work to go on. That's another indication of her age, by the way; a young girl would hardly have all these gold fillings and those crowns." "Can you tell how long the victim cause?

The autopsy surgeon shrugged. "Hard to tell how long. Anywhere from a few weeks to a few months. I'd say a month anyway. The cause is right here—this fracture above the right temple. She was hit with some sort of heavy instrument, probably a

Late the next day Captain Bright and Chief Criminal Deputy Harry Wright decided to explore a new angle that had occurred to them; to make a quiet check of the medical and embalming schools, on the outside chance that the dismembered remains had case of the torso, since it seemed too freshly dead to have come from a dis-section room. But the browned skull, traditional student prop for practical jokes, was another matter Deputies were starting their canvass

of the medical schools for missing cadavers, when Dr. Wagner tele-phoned and asked Bright to step over to as omee down the half right away.

He led the puzzled detective to a
white-topped table where the Lynwood torso lsy—with the Bell skull neatly fitted into place on the severed

"Yes. That's where it belongs. There's only one Jane Doe after all. You see, the bones of the skull are a You see, the nones of the same are a much more positive index of age than those of the body, which vary con-siderably with the individual. And in this case, the torso was so well preserved and the texture of the skin so fine and youthful that I just hadn't examined the bones too closely.

Even at that, she must have been "Even at that, she must have been a remarkable woman, to keep herself in such shape. In life, she probably looked 15 years younger than she was. But the skull tells the story: our

victim was in her middle 40s, Bill. She wasn't a young girl at all."
This startling news meant that the investigation had to go back to its beginning again. Bright's men dug out of the files a score or more of stillopen March and April missing persons reports and inquiries that had pre-viously been passed over when they were interested only in young women

from 17 to 25.

Technician Gompert confirmed that
the hairs of the skull were of the same color and general characteristics as those from the torso's armpits; and now he enlisted the aid of University of Southern California dental experts in preparing a detailed chart of the slain woman's teeth, which was given wide prominence in the newspapers, with an appeal to dentists to search

their records. Three days after the latest find scores of reports had been checked out, the dismembered body still lay unidentified, and Chief Wright had ordered several thousand circulars ordered several thousand circulars printed for distribution to dentists throughout the nation, when a man came to Captain Bright's office with still another report on a missing

He was afraid the river victim might be his sister, Laura Belle Sutmight be his sister, Laura Belle Sut-ton, well-to-do 45-year-old divorces missing since the end of March from her home at 2012 West 30th Street on the southwest side of Los Angeles. The description fits her. Laura was a beautiful woman who looked a lot

younger than her age. And that denta younger than ner age. And that dental work—Tim no expert, but it sounds like some of the work she had done in the last few years. Her dentist was Dr. Edwin C. Hyde. He has an office downtown here." The busy Homicide captain had lis-

tened to many such stories in the past six weeks, but this one had an im-pressive ring of truth, and somehow the name Laura Belle Sutton seemed When their visitor had gone, the

deputies checked through the files and found where the name Laura Belle Sutton had cropped up previously. On May 17th, just a day before the skull was found, her disappearance had been reported to the Los Angeles po-lice by one Frank P. Westlake, who described himself as a close friend of described himself as a close friend of the missing divorcee and spokesman for several other anxious friends who had been trying vainly to locate her The slain woman's brother had mentioned Westlake as one of the friends to whom he had spoken.
At the time of the police report, of

course, the 45-year-old woman was not linked with the Lynwood torso; there was no suspicion of murder, and Westlake had expressed the opinion that she had run away for personal reasons. He, too, had mentioned her brooding over her mother's death, and thought perhaps she had simply wanted to get away from things for a while. "But she left everything behind her, and there are some business affairs that have to be taken care of thought it best to make an official

report."

The police had sent a copy of this report to the sheriff's office, where it

report to the sheriff's office, where it had not attracted much attention and was shortly forgotten in the excitement over hings of the hind of the hi

looks like some of my work, gentlemen," he finally pronounced. "You understand, Mrs. Sutton hasn't visited me for more than a year, and she may have had some other work done since by someone else. But that porcelain-faced Richmond crown on the upper right incissor, in combination with those gold fillings

The dentist accompanied the two deputies to the morgue and examined the skull at first-hand. Several molars checked exactly with Dr. Hyde's chart, plus a couple of unrecorded fillings. Hyde was almost sure that the Richmond crown was his work; and Frank Gomport agreed that the number of check-points made it virtually certain that the severed head belonged to

Laura Belle Sutton To be positive," the technician said, "I'd like to have some samples of Mrs. hair for comparison. should be able to find some around her house. A vacuum cleaner would

Before taking up this suggestion, Gray and Allen, joined by Lieutenant W. C. Allen of the Missing Persons Bureau, drove out to interview relavorcee, whose names her brother and Frank Westlake had supplied. In a short time they had accumulated con-siderable thought provoking informa-tion on Laura Belle's rather compli-

She was described as a fragilely beautiful woman who looked not more than 30, with large innocent blue eyes and not a single streak of gray in her lustrous dark brown hair. envied her creamy complexion and trim, petite figure, and she took ex-treme care of herself, with frequent

visits to the beauty parlor. By nature vivacious, gay and gre-garious, the childless Laura Belle had vorce in 1927 from a prosperous young Beverly Hills man, from whom abe had been separated for some time be-

She continued to occupy the large bungalow on West 30th Street, in the polite neighborhood where they had

An old friend, Louis Neal, a mechanic who worked at night, occupied the garage apartment behind the meals for him. At first she told people she just wanted to have a man around place for protection, but in the

Frank Westlake, who lived not far away, was an older man she had met year or so before. He visited her often and they went out together on occasion. It was understood that the reputedly wealthy retired business-man, who dabbled in contracting and or less a fatherly adviser to the lively she had told several friends recently that she might marry Westlake, who

was a recent widower. There was also talk of renewed acquaintance with an old boy friend from World War I days, to whom she had been engaged before she married the handsome Sutton. Apparently Laura Belle had led a full life, and took some innocent pleasure in giving out piecemeal and contradictory reports on her romances, to keep her women friends and relatives guessing. The investigators talked to Sutton. who said he hadn't seen his ex-wife for about six months, but that she had called him on the telephone sevcral times when he was late with his

alimony payments. He had last spoken with his alimony payments. He had last spoken with her late in March, he said. Sutton emphasized that they were on good terms and their talks had been friendly. He had no idea what had

Gray and Allen also interviewed the missing woman's sister, who said she had last seen Laura at their mother's funeral in February. They had talked on the telephone several times since then, and Laura had been extremely depressed over the death of

mother; but she had said nothing about going away. Sutton and the sis-ter had had several visits and phone calls from both Neal and Westlake, inquiring about the missing brunette Laura Belle's attorney, Willedd An-drews, had apparently been the last

to see her. She had called at his office at Fourth and Spring Streets on the afternoon of March 29th, he said, and judge who had granted her the di-Los Angeles, to ask for increased alimony. Andrews advised her that it would be all right to visit the judge

by herself, and she said she planned to do so the next day. "She appeared to be upset about something. Andrews recalled wasn't the alimony matter, and she wouldn't tell me what it was. I walked downstairs with her and helped her onto a Spring Street car, southbound. She said she was going to visit her

But Laura Belle had not arrived at her sister's house that afternoon. Her sister had no idea what she might have wanted to see her about. Neither had Laura ever shown up in Ventura -Andrews had checked with the

The lawyer said Laura had \$450 in in her purse when she visited his office. She had happened to mention the amount. "Laura always used to keep about \$500 at home or in her handbag. She said she liked to have careless that way-a year or so ago she was robbed of about \$1900 worth of Liberty Bonds she kept in an en-

The Homicide men drove out to the silent bungalow on West 30th Street. Lou Neal had moved out a couple of weeks before, and the nextdoor neighhor had the key. The woman ex-plained that Lou had taken Laura's for safekeeping until she should re-

They went through the decorously furnished house, which was stripped of clothing, documents and all personal articles, but found nothing that might provide a clue to the divorcee's Gompert's comment about the hair. Gray emptied the bag of the vacuum cleaner that stood in a closet found the required sample all ready for them; a twisted and knotted strand of long brown hair taken up by the cleaner along with the household dust. The neighbor confirmed that

aura had employed no cleaning

woman and the hair must be hers It was evening now, and since the deputies already had Frank West-lake's story in his report, they looked up Lou Neal, first of the two apparently friendly love rivals. They cated him through his company and found him eating lunch, reading the latest newspaper account of the torso

"I've been expecting you fellows since Frank made that report," he told them. "I'm glad you're finally getting busy and looking for Laura. But sbe's this murder victim. Laura's alive and around here somewhere. she's been putting flowers on her

mother's grave every few days!"

The mechanic told the officers he had last seen Mrs. Sutton at 3 a.m. on March 29th, when he came home from work and went to the kitchen to eat the sandwich she customarily left out for him. Laura called to him from her darkened bedroom and asked hin to bring her a glass of water. He did so, said goodnight to her and went to his own apartment. When he got up that afternoon, there was no sign of

He didn't see her the next day, and two nights later he found a note from Westlake on the kitchen table, asking him to call as soon as possible the older man's house at 1810%

her about the house

West 11th Street.

When Neal drove over the following morning, Westlake wanted to know if he had seen or heard from Laura Belle. She bad planned to go to Ven-tura on the afternoon of the 29th Westwasn't on the train. He was seriously worried, because Laura had been worried, because Laura nau occurrying \$450 she had drawn out of visiting her home several times daily

After a week went by with still no word, the two men, forgetting their love rivalry in their mutual anxiety, began to make inquiries among the divorcee's other friends and relatives, No one had had any word from her. Westlake drove up to Ventura, think-ing she might have decided to stay but found no trace of her at the

By this time the papers were headlining the torso case, but Neal and Westlake never connected it with Laura Belle, since the victim was described as not more than 25 years old. Recalling the divorcee's inconsolable

grief over her dead mother and how she had visited the grave every few days, they went out to San Gabriel Cemetery. To their great relief they found a bunch of fresh red carnations, Laura's favorite flower, in a vase at the mother's grave. This proved to them that the clusive woman was

alive and somewhere near "I took a week off work and hung around the cemetery every day," Neal told the deputies. "I put a big bunch of roses on the grave, with a note to Laura in the middle of them, asking her to set in touch with me. When I her to get in touch with me. came back from lunch one day, my note was gone and there was a fresh bouquet of carnations! That was about April 15th—so you see, that body in the morrue can't belong to Laura." But the note didn't elicit any response, and when another week had

sone by, the two men took it on them-

selves to move Laura's things to West-lake's house. Neal knew Laura had entrusted Frank with many business affairs-in fact they had a joint bank account for investment purposes-and he was sure she wouldn't mind. Neal himself staved with Westlake for a while, but had recently moved to a furnished room. Westlake took care of Laura's utility bills and saw that the lawn and garden of the deserted bungalow were kept up. he voluble mechanic readily told

the history of his association with the grass widow. He had met her four years before, he said, when he was selling cakes and cookies from door to door in the neighborhood. The untroubles, and he became a frequent visitor. When the Suttons separated, Neal moved into the garage apartment at Laura's invitation-she didn't want to be alone. He insisted their friendship had remained on a platonic basis until after her divorce. He was in the habit of turning over his \$20 weekly paycheck to her for his room and board, and kept only his tips for pocket maney They had talked of marriage after the divorce, but complications arose when in 1928 Laura met Frank West-lake. The elderly part-time building contractor dropped around to play cards at night or to do little carmentry

jobs at the house in the daytime, and

"I asked her right out if she was in

But she kept putting it off, and

she said no, she still wanted to marry

Frank hung around more and more.

fascination for the beautiful

Neal related, "and

I didn't like, it and we had a few arguments, but there wasn't much I could do. Laura was a free woman, after all! Next morning, while Gompert was running his microscopic and chemical hair from the mummified head, the Homicide deputies and the Missing

The short, wiry, 57-year-old grayhaired man expressed horrified in-credulity when they told him they believed Laura Belle Sutton was the torso victim. Like the mechanic he had taken the fresh flowers on mother's grave as absolute proof that she was simply staying undercover somewhere around Los Angeles, although he knew of no reason why she "I last saw her on the morning of the 29th, about 10:30," Westlake told the officers. "We met at the bank at

Seventh and Spring, to draw some money from our joint savings account.

I drew out \$750 and gave her \$450 in
in cash. She didn't say what she needed it for-only that she was going to Ventura and would be back the next night. I was to meet her at the He was puzzled to learn that Laura

had visited her attorney in Los Angeles that same afternoon and snoken was at a loss to explain this discrepancy Like the mechanic, Westlake freely discussed his relationship with the attractive divorcee. He had met her through mutual friends, and she had sought his experienced advice about investing some money she had inherited. With his guidance Laura had made some profitable stock market deals, and had bought a business lot in the fast-growing Westwood district. lake told the officers modestly. In ad-dition to the joint bank account they had a joint safe deposit box. Love? Yes, you could call it that. Westlake liked to do things for Laura. they had discussed marriage, but both

Did Westlake know of any enemies Laura might have had? Assuming she was the murder victim, did he suspect

No, the little man frowned thoughtfully, he couldn't name anyone, but there was a thing the officers should know about. One night early in March he and Laura had been walking down the street near her house when a tough-looking young man accosted them and without a word struck Westlake in the face, knocking him down and breaking his glasses. The fellow and oreasing his glasses. The tenow started to manhandle Laura but her screams put him to flight. They hadn't reported the incident to the police, disliking notoriety. They thought the attacker must have been a strong-arm robber, a common purse-snatcher. he hadn't snatched Laura's well-filled Thanking Westlake for his informs tion, the sleuths headed back to head-

quarters, where they found Captain Bright plunged into gloom by sur-

and disconcerting news from

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isn't Mrs. Sutton's," he told them Something about the structure of the shafts. A capillary canal down the the Sutton samples Different shade, too, under the microscope. Says there's no doubt about it. we're back where we started!"

The crestfallen Homicide deputies shelved their investigation of the missing Laura Belle, and went back to the tedious work of trying to identify the lice Licutenant Allen, in whose juris-

dismembered Jane Doe. However, Podiction the Sutton disappearance case fact that the missing woman badn't come forward although the newspapers had blazoned her name in connection with the torso, he ordered circulars bearing her photograph and description circulated throughout the West. And he assigned men to interview a long list of her friends and

Deputies Allen and Gray meanwhile busied themselves with a promising new inquiry from the police of Scattle. Washington. A woman of the northern city thought the torso murder victim might be her sister, who had vanished in 1927 after leaving Seattle for Los Angeles, on her way to Chi-cago. The description fitted, and the dental chart was very similar Captain Bright's men were endeav-

oring to trace the cold trail of this woman, when the next afternoon came an electrifying call from Lieutenant Allen. "Bill, I've been talking to Laura Sutton's hairdresser. ple that threw you off came from the switch. I've just gone through her effects, over at Westlake's house, and I've found some of her own hair that she was saving. I'm bringing it right

time Gomperts uss wife. The new hair sample affirmative. affirmative. The new uses, matched that of the slain woman in overy narticular. To be doubly sure, every particular. To be doubly sure, Bright called in Mrs. Sutton's husband and her physician, Dr. John Clayton, to view the remains. Both said the torso, with its square shoulders and narrow hips, resembled hers com-pletely. And the mummified ears of the skull were pierced for earrings, as

aura's had been. The sheriff's men were now thoroughly convinced that the murdered woman was Laura Belle Sutton, and the investigation went shead in high gear. Deputies set out to make thorough check on the backgrounds of both Frank Westlake and Lou Neal, the brunette beauty's past and talking to her old boy friend from World War I. Several friends confirmed the

story of the mystery attack on the

Now that it was definitely a murder case, Westlake with apparent reluc-tance told the officers that he strongly suspected his rival, Neal. The young mechanic was extremely jealous, said, and on occasion had displayed a violent temper. Westlake had advised Violent temper, westiake has suvised. Laura to evict him. And he added the ominous sounding information that Neal had once worked as a butcher. On the strength of this, Neal was ing and willingly came along the old goat!" he exploded y the old goat." he exprones was gathered that Westiake had inspired this action. "What motive would I have for killing Laura? Frank is the one who profits by her death

The mechanic revealed that West-

lake, in an expansive mood shortly

after Laura disappeared, had shown

him a deed conveying the Westwood property to him, some stock certifi-cates the divorcee had signed over to him, and a bill of sale for her household furniture. There was also a \$500 life insurance policy naming him beneficiary. "After all, we're going to be married soon, you know!" Westlake had explained with a grin had thought it odd that Laura hadn't told him about these transfers -especially since the lot had been bought largely with his paychecks. And now he divulged an incident that be hadn't seen to mention previo

lest he cast unjust suspicion on West On March 26th, talking to his em-ployer's bookkeeper, he had learned quite by accident that his last four paychecks had been endorsed and cashed by Frank Westlake. When he asked Laura about the checks in Westlake's presence, she answered eva-sively that she must have misplaced them. Neal then took the checks from his pocket and confronted her with his

rival's signature "Certainly I signed those checks!"
Westlake flared up. "There's nothing
wrong with that, young man! I'm Mrs. Sutton's business manager, and I deposited them in our joint account. As they continued to argue, Laura Belle suddenly pulled a revolver from the sideboard drawer and put it to the sideboard drawer and year a her head. "I can't stand this sordid wrangling! I'll shoot myself!" she cried. Neal wrested the gun away from her, unloaded it, and left without further words.

"And as for his telling you I used to be a butcher," the aroused me-chanic added, "sure I was a butcher chanic added, "sure I was a business once, but that doesn't mean I go around cutting up people! That's more in Frank Westlake's line. Don't you know that he used to be a doctor—a

Investigation confirmed Neal's story of the checks. Further, inquiry at the bank showed that the \$750 with-drawal, made on Westlake's signature on March 29th, had reduced the balance to a few dollars. And county records revealed that Westlake had recorded the deed to Laura's lot in his name only two weeks after the torso

Now it was Frank Westlake's turn to be invited down to headquarters. He expressed surprise that there was any question about the checks, bill of sale, deed and certificates, "Naturally, it and move to a new house. he alone had signed for the \$750 on the

by Joey Oakes



20th, because Laura had her gloves on Gradjungly, he agreed to let the authorities examine the transferred authorities examine the transferred was a supplied of the state of the state Laura Belle's old revolver, which was among her effects. He modestly was a surgent effects, and the state Laura Belle's old revolver, which was a surgene in Pike County, Illinos, and later in the army medical corps. Wearying of medical practice, he had later in the surgeness of the state of the state

admonition to hold himself available for further questioning, and two deputes tailed him unobtrusively.

The stailed him unobtrusively was a revolver, but his findings were negative; it hadn't been fired for years. More encouraging was the report of J. Clark Sellers, emment handwriting expert retained by the sheriff, who said Mrs. Sutton's alguatures on all the written by Funk Weedlage.

written by Frank Westlas enfronted with this evidence, the cold-system controlled with this evidence, the cold-system colors shruged it off. "Yes, I signed her name. She gave me permission. She dain't want to be bothered by business details. She told me to sign her name to anything I wanted. We trusted each other completely, you understand.

understand."

"Yes, I can see that," Captain Bright remarked dryly. "After all, you were going to be married! was in full cry, further married! was in full cry, further incriminating facts piled up against the glib-tongued little man. A friend of his late wife came forward with a dress Westlake had given her early in April, saying it beionged to a woman friend who had died. The

Belle's.

More significant, deputies located an Alhambra florist who identified westlake's photo as that of a man who had bought red carnations on several occasions in April and Maythus accounting for the fresh flowers on the grave which bad fooled Lou

The case was building up, and perfect the control of the state of the

the repty as Guecoccu. Though Bright didn't take much armough Bright didn't take much be a superpart of the superpart of the superpart of the superpart of Laura's description. Clark Sellers shortly reported that the initials were not in Laura's handwriting—but neather were they in Frank's, and the little ex-curreen was not known to the superpart of the superpar

drove to his son's home in Passdens, and watched him go surreptitiously to the garage at the rear before entering the house. When he had gone they searched the garage. Up in the rafters they found a set of surgical mostruments with the knives and scalpels missing. It was wrapped in a newspaper dated March 24th. this find the surrept was the surrey of the surrey of

and the comment from the carbon and the comment of the Archinest come for Archinest come for the comment of the

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS AND INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE

This story of the typed note was sufficient to tip the scales of evidence. The D. A. agreed with Sheriff Traeger that it was time to move in, and Gray and Allen at long last arrested the gray-haired ex-doctor and booked him

on suspection of murder.

Clamming up now, his steel-gray eyes flashing hostility. Westlake retained an attorney who sought his release on the ground that the corpus delicit had not been established—that there was no proof that Laura Belle there was no proof that Laura Belle

was the forso victim.

The D. A soon remedied this. Gompert. City Chemist Rex Welch and
other experts had been working with
other experts had been working with
building up their identification evidence. Now Coroner Frank Nance
called a belated inquest and the medence in the second of the second of the coroner of the coroner frank of the
called a belated inquest and the medcalled a belated inquest and the medcalled a belated inquest and the medcalled the jurious returned a verdict that the remains were those of
Laura Belle Sutton, and that she had
been killed with a blant instrument
formally charged with murder and
formally charged with murder and

Other loose ends were shortly tied up. With Westlake safely behind bars. Gompset and Welch, seeking the scene of the murder and dismemberment, made a thorough examination of the accused man's house. Disconnecting the plumbing fixtures, in the outlet gooseneck of the bathlub they found a quantity of congealed human blood. There was also blood on the

blood. I here was any proper as any wall behind the tub. And probing Frank and Laura's financial records, Bright's men established that the divorcee had had the \$450 in her purse at home several days before the 29th; this indicated that Westlack had withdrawn the whole \$750 for himself, probably without her knowledge. They also found that Westlake had paid the premiums on Laura's life insurance policy. They suspected him of stealing her Liberty Bonds a year before.

and couldn't prove it.

Lou Neal, compiletely exonerated of any suspacion, cooperated fully with the officers in the investigation. Deputy District Attorney Wayne Jordan summed up the evidence at Jordan summed up the evidence at impressed by the defendant's contention that Laura Belle was still alties, Municipal Judge R. Morgan Gafbreth on June 8th ondered him held for on June 8th ondered him held for

sufficient evidence for indictinual, so of motion practice linked Westlake's name with the aborton lossiness. Westlake's name with the aborton lossiness, word to trail before Superior Judge and tops, with arms and legs still measuring, lay in plan view on a table measuring, lay in plan view on a table for a superior of the superior lossing, lay in plan view on a table for a superior lossing, lay in plan view on a table for the more of the superior lossing, lay in plan view of the death penalty. On the superior lay in the

their damning stories.

Dr. Westlake's defense was that
Laura Belle was still alive. His attorneys challenged identification of
the torso, bringing up the original
official statement that it was the body
of a young woman. Westlake denied
the note story as a Trameup, and
maintained the "Lass" note was gonunited to the street.

But the parade of evidence was overwheiming and on September &h, after 31 hours deliberation, the jury of mne women and three men found westiake guilty of murder in the first street of the case, they recommended life imprisonment rather than the death penalty. Smiling coldy, the gray-haired little man on September to life in San Quentus sentence him to life in San Quentus sentence him.

His appeals were tenied and he was the appeals were tenied and he was the innocence. He served 14 years of his life sentence, and was an old, side and broken man when he was released on parole in 1944 at the sige of 71. He died on January 20th, 1950 while still on parole.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name, Louis Neal, is ficti-

PHANTOM AT THE WINDOW

(Continued from page 39)

Identification files," Sheriff Overholt said. "If this was done by a burglar possible he has a previous record." When Mary Louise's bedroom was iven a thorough examination Deputy Moore found a blonde, bloodstained curl with a small fragment of scalp

still adhering to it Although a dragnet had been set up throughout the night no arrests importance had been made. following day the slain girl's family, teachers and school friends were

questioned at length Walter Stammer, who had borrowed a friend's automobile in Taire and arrived back home during the night. could offer no possible answer to the brutal attack upon his daughter ex-cept the theory of burglary the of-ficers had already advanced. He assured Sheriff Overholt that he had no enemies who would resort to such a crime for vengeance

This is the first time Mary Louise ever stayed home without an adult being present," he added. Teachers and school friends insist-

ed that Mary Louise had not kept steady company with any one boy. She had been friends with many, but had not reached the serious stage Deputies combed the hobo jungles

for possible suspects and rounded up all known sex offenders. These investigations failed to produce a single It was Deputy Moore who came up with the first important discovery.
"Mary Louise Stammer was shot,"
he told Sheriff Overholt. "I've found

flakes of lead in the bloody bair we picked up in her bedroom." Overholt contacted Deputy Mortland, who was working at the Stam-mer home and told him what Moore had said. Mortland had something to

add.
"I was just going to call you," he told his superior. "Lea Davis, the the music room to let in some light this morning and found a bullet hole in the window facing Wishon Road.
We also found footprints in the gar-den outside that window. It looks me like somebody watched the girl from outside, then fired at her

Sheriff Overholt asked if Mortland had been able to find a discharged cartridge. "Not yet," the deputy replied, "but we're still looking. I've got three

men on it. Added to this was the fact that a close examination of the glass broken from the rear door produced a smudged thumbprint that nevertheless had sufficient pattern to make its

classification possible.

These two findings led Sheriff Overholt and his men to believe that the killer had stood outside the Stammer home, fired a shot from there and then gone around to the back door and broken in that way. For some stfl unexplained reason the criminal had taken the girl's body from the music room into her bedroom,

The autonsy report from the coroner's office corroborated this newly discovered evidence.

One bullet, this report stated, had struck Mary Louise in the brain as

she sat in her chair reading. Her head had been tilted downward at the time. The bullet had entered the upper left frontal part of her head. The wound was probed for the missing bullet and shortly after the first ing bullet and shortly after the first report the coroner sent the lethal

Deputy Moore examined the bullet his laboratory and then reported to his superior. "It was fired from a .22-caliber weapon," he said. "I can't be sure whether it was from a rifle or a pistol, but the base of it is un-

When Walter Stammer was in-formed of these new developments he suggested that E. O. Heinrich, internationally famous criminologist whose headquarters were in Berkeley. California, be called into the case.
"If anyone can help us, Heinrich can," District Attorney Conway

agreed agreed.

A long distance call was made to Berkeley and Heinrich promised to Berkeley and Heinrich promised to The sheriff's office, District Attorney Conway and Choef of Police of Police of the Convey of the Conv

rear of the Stammer home in an cffort to pick up the fugitive's trail.

The dogs sniffed the ground, ran through the rear door, into the music room and then to the slain girl's bed-

The faces of the officers watchins brightened when the animals dashed out the front door and started across the street, through an open field and finally stopped in front of a house belonging to a retired factory worker, Nobody was at home, but when the officers gained entrance the dogs went straight to a closet. When Sheriff Overholt opened the door to the closet he found a .22-caliber rifle in one

Neighbors were questioned about the retired factory worker. While this was in progress the man himself appeared. He was shocked when told

be purpose of the investigation.
"That rifle hasn't been fired ir
onths," he assured Sheriff Overholt it and have your experts examine it." The man's complete self-assurance and willingness to cooperate led the county officer to believe the Dober-

man Pinschers had produced a false clue, but he took the rifle and turned it over to Deputy Moore. cleared the retired railroad worker Moore reported that not only had the

.22 not been fired for months but that even if it had the bullet found in Mary ouise Stammer's brain could not have been fired from it. Just how the dogs went so far astray was never explained. Overholt thanked the man for his co-

operation and then started out on a Laundries and cleaning establish ments throughout Fresno County were checked for bloodstained garments in the hope that whoever was responsible for Mary Louise Stam-mer's death would attempt to have his clothes cleaned. The officers felt his clothes cleaned. The officers refusive they had been bloodstained when the body was carried from the music room to the bedroom. Several such pieces of clothing were found, but the owners all had acceptable explanations.

Full information concerning the brutal murder had been broadcast throughout the state; and many leads

were phoned in Fingerprints of all these possible aspects were sent to Fresno where suspects Deputy Moore compared them with the thumbprint found on the glass in the rear door. None matched and one by one the leads were dropped This print on the glass had gained

in importance since all members of the Stammer family and friends who had been in the house were finger-printed and this thumbprint did not match any of theirs.

Fresno officers were particularly inconsed by this particular crime because it was the second such murder in the community in a year and a half. Mrs. Bertha Blagg, the young mother of two boys, had been beaten to death with a club on July 2nd of the previous year. The assailant had ex-caped after criminally attacking her.

The case was still unsolved Many people believed both crimes had been committed by the same person. Women throughout the San Joaquin Valley made sure their doors were locked when their husbands were away; and few of them entrusted their children to baby sitters

during this period. Notwithstanding the tremendous ef-fort being made by the law enforcement officers throughout the state, the investigation came to a virtual standstill four days after the crime. two clues-a .22-caliber bullet and a thumburint-were setting the officers

exactly nowhere. No one was more aware of this than Sheriff Overholt. He was therefore greatly pleased when the Fresno Bee, the city newspaper, came forward with an offer of \$500 reward to any-one furnishing information that would lead to the apprehension of the much sought after killer. Governor Frank F. Merriam came through with a sim-ilar reward offer from the State mak-

ing a total \$1000.
Two days after that happened Sheriff J. N. Froome of Tehama County in northern California contacted Sheriff Overholt over long dis-

"We're bolding a hitch-hiker here," "We're boiding a niten-mere nere, the Tchama Country sheriff told Over-holt. "He claims to be innocent, but we found a 22-caliber Winchester rifle in his pack-bundle." Froome went on to say the youth night of November 24th—the night of

the murder—between 8 and 8:30. He was supposed to have hitch-liked north to Tehama County.
"He denies any knowledge of the Stammer crime," Sheriff Froome said, "but he tried to sell this 22 rifle in Los Molinos. That's where we picked

him up Sheriff Overholt asked the Tehama County officer to forward the susnect's fingerprints along with a couple

of bullets fired from the rifle. These pieces of evidence arrived the following morning and were turned over to Deputy Moore for examinaover to Deputy Moore for examina-tion. When the fingerprints were compared with the thumbprint found on the glass from the door and the bullets studged under a microscope, Moore went in to see Overholt.
"Nothing here," he said dejectedly "The thumbprints don't match and

the bullets weren't fired from the gun the killer used."

Sheriff Overholt called Froome and told him to release the fruit picker. "There doesn't seem to be any con-

nection between this man's gun and Meanwhile, the Fresno officers were

Meanwhile, the Fresno officers were trying desperately to the the one thumbprint clue in with prints of known criminals already on file. This was especially difficult because Fres-no's office, the Federal Bureau of In-vestigation and the California State Board of Criminal Identification all used the 10-point Henry system of fingerprint classification. That system made it necessary to have 10 prints from both hands for accurate classi-It was true the FBI had a file of

single fingerprints and the State

Bureau at Sacramento had a similar file. But most of them were of kidbank robbers and extortionists. Both the FBI and the State the thumberint he had did not check with any they had on file. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, asked Overholt to forward a complete report on the crime. He as-sured the California officer that the one available thumbprint would be published in the next issue of the FBI Bulletin and that all G-Men would be acquainted with the facts in

the case in the hope that one of them might recognize the modus operandi of the fugitive killer. Clarence S. Morrill, chief of the California State Bureau, sent three of his most experienced investigators, Owen Kessell, Roger Green and Charles G. Stone to Fresno to help

Sheriff Overholt questioned every suspect brought in personally. He followed every tip no matter how in-significant. He told his men. "This case will never be marked closed until the guilty man is behind bars."

Morrill ordered a new and completely thorough re-check of every thumbprint in his files in Sacramento.

He called to tell Sheriff Overholt about this. "It's going to be a tedious he said, and it could take months, but we're going to go through We're starting with known sex offenders and will go right through the house burglars until every print on file has been covered."

District Attorney Conway was so

determined to solve the mystery that he called upon every male resident of Fig Gardens to come forward and be fingerprinted. "We are convinced that whoever did this was thoroughly familiar with the layout of the Stammer house," he said. "The fact that found no strange fingerprints around the light switches convinces me that the intruder knew where they were. The Stammer residence had been broken into twice before. It's entirely possible the same man

Conway assigned two of his inves-tigators, Bill Thomas and George Walling, to list all male residents of Fig Gardens. He ordered them to pay particular attention to tradesmen and delivery men who had an opportunity to know the maide of the Stammer



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home. Even the names of former Fig Gardens residents were listed for possible fingerprinting. First to come forward for fingerprinting was every member of the other residents, inspired by this gesture of cooperation, went to the police

Sheriff Overholt had his men divide the entire district into sections. They took the listing of all male residents made by Bill Thomas and George Walling and made a house to house canvass. The ground they covered was bounded by Blackstone Avenue on the east, Palm Avenue on the west, the Santa Fe railroad on the south and San Jose Avenue on the north.
In all, more than 3500 prints had to

be checked. Every male known to reside in Fig. Gardens was on the list. Missing were a scant dozen or so former residents were not known at that time. one of them was to be traced down, however. Never before in California history had such a thorough investi-

Almost two months after the crime Almost two months after the crime, January 22nd, Sheriff Overholt and Deputy O. G. King were called to Riverdale, a town 30 miles southwest of Fresno, to investigate a robbery case. Before leaving, the county officer State Investigator Kessell and Deputy

When the two men returned that when the two men returned that same night they found District At-torney Conway and Deputy Moore waiting for them. Even before the prosecutor spoke Sheriff Overholt

knew that something important had Moore had shut the door as Over-holt and King entered. There was a short, tense silence before Conway spoke. Moore tossed a police identification card on the table. "That's the man who killed Mary Louise Stammer," the district attorney

Sheriff Overholt picked the card up. The name on it was Elton M. Stone.
"We went to work on the unchecked former residents after you left," Deputy Moore said. "I remember that Stone had served time. His finger-prints should have been on file here. I found it and compared his prints with the thumbprint from the glass in the rear door. They matched. Jack Tarr and some of the others are out

for him now sooring for him now."

Sheriff Overholt studied the ex-con's card. Elton M. Stone was 31 years old. His first offense was petty theft in 1924. He had been put on probation, but later that same year was arrested in Sacramento for burglary. Proba-tion was revoked and Stone was sent to Preston State Reformatory. leased the following year, he was ar-rested again in Fresno in 1931 for automobile theft and sent to San Quentin prison. He was paroled in April, 1934, and his parole ended a

year later. "Stone was paroled to a thoroughly reliable tradesman in Friant," District Attorney Conway said, "Jack Tarr and several others are on their way there

Overholt, Conway and Moore dis-cussed various aspects of the baffling case while they awaited word from

Tarr, but the undersheriff was not heard from until the following morning. Then a telephone call came from

"We got our man," Tarr told Overholt, "but we had to go to North Fork for him. He had moved from Friant and was working in a garage in North Fork. He claims he's innocent, which is what you'd expect. That won't make any difference though because we any difference though because we found a 22-caliber pistol in his room.
I've got it with me. We'll get back just as fast as we can, and Stone will

be with us Conway and Overholt and all of the other officers who had worked so long case waited patiently for Jack Tarr's arrival with his prisoner. When they

did get to Fresno the undersheriff had good news "Stone confessed on the way down," he said. "I told him we had him cold Explained the how thumborints matched and told him test shots fired from his .22 pistol would prove that it was the gun that killed Mary Louise Stammer. He knew he didn't have a

Tarr went on to say that when he got to Friant he was told that Stone had taken a job in a garage in North He continued on there and was told that Stone was in a house across the street. The undersheriff garageman to call him out. Tarr had his gun ready but Stone offered no resistance. The .22-caliber pistol was found when the prisoner's room was

The garageman who had hired Stone told Tarr that his employee had appeared to be happy in his work and that he had had nothing to do with the women in North Fork The confessed killer, dressed in

mechanic's overalls and a leather jacket, related defails of the crime against Mary Louise Stammer on the night of November 24th, 1935. He said he had borrowed a car from

his employer and driven straight to the Stammer home in Fresno. He parked and turned out the lights. He could see that the Stammer family was at home, so he waited until they left. Then he made his way to the west side of the house and looked through a window. Mary Louise was through a window. Mary Louise was sitting in the music room reading a

book. After watching her for several minutes he took out his 22, held his hand over the breech to catch the shell, and fired. "After she fell over," Stone said,

ran around to the back and used the butt of my pistol to break in. I knew butt of my pistol to break in. I knew the girl was still alive because she was breathing heavily. I took her into a bedroom. Then I ran out the back door the same way I came in. I didn't think I'd left any fingerprints because I had gloves on. The only time I took think I'd left any fingerprints because I had gloves on. The only time I took them off was to fire the pistol. I must have forgotten to put them on when I picked the glass out of the door after. I broke it with the butt of my gun I drove back to North Fork that same

night. Deputy Moore had fired test shots from Stone's pistol while he was mak-ing his statement. When these were compared with the one taken from

Mary Louise Stammer's head they Mary Louise Stammer's bead they matched groove for groove. Eiton Stone was taken to Folsom State Prison for safekeeping because feeling among the people of Fresno was running high.

The prisoner's only explanation for the crime was fantastic. He said he did it to settle an old score with Stammer. The lawyer insisted that he had never met the man who mur-dered his daughter. Questioned about other burglaries

and the murder of Mrs. Bertha Blagg, He was indicted for the murder of Mary Louise Stammer the day after his arrest and arraignment was set for January 27th.

Officers from several other Califorms communities went to Freeno to question the prisoner about unsolved murders that resembled the Stammer fused to admit any other crimes.

When Fresno officers went to North

Fork and made a thorough search of the confessed killer's living quarters they found objects that had been stolen from the Stammer home previous to the night Mary Louise died. Sheriff Overholt believed that Stone had laid the groundwork for his fiendrerime on these preliminary visits.

The officers—and Elton Stone—real-

ized the possibility that the outraged citizens of Fresno might try to take Stammer issued a statement in which he pleaded with his fellow townsmen

to allow the law to take its course against Stone. The prisoner, sensing the people's feelings, announced that would plead guilty. Undersheriff Tarr, aided by a dozen deputies, brought him back to Fresno from Folsom on Sunday night, Jan-

uary 27th Elton Stone pleaded guilty before Superior Court Judge H. R. Thomson the following day. The extreme pen-alty—death by hanging—was pro-

The condemned man was rushed back to Folsom under heavy guard. He died on the gallows there at 10:01 A.M., June 12th, 1936. The End

THE PUZZLE OF PAUL PFEFFER

(Continued from page 8)

indictment for manslaughter in the Bates slaying, and the first-degree indictment was dismissed. was deeply disappointed He had fully expected to be wholly ter charge to be tried. And he was ter charge to be tried. And he was angry, too, when he heard that an ex-fellow jail inmate had told the grand jury that Pfeffer had admitted hitting young Bates, and that witness-es still insisted that he had been in

Rockaway Beach on the night of the He found it impossible to get a real job, a man awaiting trial in a homi-cide case. He picked up odd jobs here and there—and he began to drift.

Almost the first place to which he
drifted was Rockaway Beach. His witnesses who would help him prove that he had not been around when

Eddie Bates was killed.

The winter months dragged on What Pfeffer's sources of were, no one knew, but he seemed

to get along.

The Rockaway Beach cops next beard of Paul Pfeffer the night of April 7th when he appeared at the stationhouse with a lawyer, a cut lip and a cracked dental plate.
"I was beaten up outside a bar," he mumbled through his puffed lips.
"One of them was a cop. They took \$229.50 of my dough. They took my watch. Even my leather jacket." "You'd better sign a complaint," the desk officer said

e desk ofneer said.
Pfeffer thought this over a moment.
"The hell with it," he replied drunk-ily. "T'll handle it myself, my own way."
He phoned the city desk of a big

tabloid newspaper, complaining that he was "barricaded by the cops in a phone booth," but the night city editor told him to go on home and sleep it off.

Pfeffer did not take this advice.

It would have been for better if he Even though there was no formal complaint, an accusation had been leveled against a policeman and so the incident outside the bar was in-

Pfeffer had entered the place with a friend and a girl whom the bar-tender figured to be too young to be tender figured to be too young to be served. Drunk, Pfeffer demanded that the drinks be set up, and began re-viling the man behind the stick. Two men patrons advised him to 'knock it off.'
"You wansa go outside and make

me?" Pfeffer taunted. One man started for the door Pfeffer peeled off his watch and leather jacket, handed his wallet to his pal and went outside. For once he got his lumps

Whether his antagonist was some officer off duty in plain cothes, no one could say. He was not known in officer on any. He was not known one could say. He was not known that the ably no more reliable than his story of having been robbed, when his friend was holding his money, watch and jacket for him.

and jacket for him.

The cops heard nothing more
Paul Pfeffer during the next f Paul Pfeffer during the next few weeks, and if Harry Meyer had ever heard of Pfeffer, he'd forgotten all about him by the time, on Sunday night, May 1st, that he discovered he'd missed the last bus from Rocka-

way Beach to his home in Ozone Park. Meyer, 45, four-feet, eleven inches, tipping the scales at a mere 120 pounds, was in a bar when he realized the last bus had gone, a fact which he mentioned to the giant bellied up to the rail beside him. "So you got no place to stay to-night?" the big fellow boomed.

Meyer shrugged, shook his head. "It's a little cold to hit the board-walk." walk."
"I got you a pisce," the big man said. "I'm living all slone in a summer hotel, panting the joint, getting ready for the season. Plenty of rooms there. Plenty. You can take your pick, old-timer. Just come along with me."

Meyer followed his new-found friend to a three-story resort board-

72

ing house, vacant at that time of the free now about how he'd get to his norter's job in a Jamaica department store on time in the morning, went to in a ton-floor room

The big suv left, but returned after a time.
"I need some dough," he said to Meyer

The big man took a wallet from Mover's nante and extracted the \$2.50 "Look, mister," Meyer protested, "I sot to have that." In a sudden frenzy the giant whirled

Then the smaller man's hands were was dragged into the hall and pushed down a flight of stairs. Somehow, he down to beneath the boardwalk.

've killed one man," he growled, "and I can kill you ing I can kill you."

He struck savagely blow after blow Finally he walked away, leaving Har-ry Mover unconscious in the sand, After a time Meyer roused and began to crawl. He reached a front

in Rockaway Beach Hospital Meyple fractures of the skull and facial bones. Thirty-four stitches were rewas still alive, and on Monday he was

Detectives were waiting with batch of rogue's gallery photos for him to view. He studied each carehim to view. He studied each care-fully until at last he mumbled, "That's him. He's the one.

It was a likeness of Paul Pfeffer.
The police soon located the boarding house at 128 Beach 84th Street where Pfeffer had been staying. His room was empty. From its appearance he The the room the officers found a sashlight and cheap pocket watch belonging to Harry Meyer. And in a closet Detective Tom Stiles picked up two cardboard boxes, one contain-

ring paper and some news clips about Pfeffer, the other a wallet.

At about 2 A.M. a lunchroom overator phoned to say he'd just dropped Pfeffer on the Belt Parkway, leading Pfeffer on the best Parkway, seemed to Brooklyn along the lower shore of the mainland. Detectives Martin

the mainland. Detectives Martin Waldron and James Paskin picked Pfeffer up a few minutes later. From his hospital bed, Meyer iden-ied him. "That's the guy that did tified him. he said. Pfcffer was booked for felonious as-

sault and later taken to his room for further questioning. Here he admitted the attack upon Meyer. only explanation was that he had been drunk. Suddenly Waldron produced the red plastic wallet which Stiles had found.

"It was here in your room, Paul, e said, "You know whose it is ne said. There was a driver's heense, a Social Security card, other papers inside. The name on them is Mellon Byrd. And he was killed, besten to death, not quite a month ago,"
The savagely bludgeoned body of Mal Borrd a 60-year-old plumber's helper had been found in a summer bungalow at Rockaway Beach Boule-For a time. Pfeffer sat staring at

the wallet, saying nothing.
"Well. Paul?" said Assi "Well, Paul?" said Assistant Dislet Attorney knomes F. Canen, several officials present. Preffer shrugged. "Okay," he said almly. "Til tell you about it. I did

He said that on the night of April 8th—less than 24 hours after he had robbed outside the bar-he'd returned to Rockaway Beach from a nubcrawling tour of Jamaica, still on the

As he rounded the corner of building he bumped into Byrd. swore at Byrd, who called him "cheap That touched off the That touched off the expression which beore always seemed to fuse in Paul Pfeffer. He slugged the older

summer cofface. Pfeffer followed. He clouted his victim again, then found a club and literally beat his brains out. As an afterthought he took Byrd's wallet and went home. There was no. money in the wallet he said "Then why did you keen it around?"

Pieffer's only answer was a shrug.

For the second time in less than two years Paul Pfeffer was charsed with first-degree murder.

ment in a homicide filtered into the Roche reportedly now said that bis

contestsors to see a life for and I both had a seamy start in life," Roche is said to have explained, "I couldn't get in worse trouble than I was already in I figured I could give the guy a break. But it wasn't me that knocked off Rutes"

Then detectives in Buffalo said they considered Paul Pfeffer as a suspect in considered Paul Prener as a suspect in the iron pipe robbery slaying there of Vincent Musiorski, 44, on January 21st, 1955. Pfeffer, they alleged, was known to have been in Buffalo at the time, and the modus operands of Musiorsky's killer was identical with that of the murderer in the Bates and

And 78-year-old Fred Davidson identified Pfeffer as a robber who dragged him into an alley in Jamaica taking \$16 and then battering David-How many other crimes Pfeffer may have committed, and if he actually was the man who bludgeoned Eddie Bates, probably never will be de-termined, for he was indicted for the first-degree murder of Byrd and most likely will be tried on that charge and

Will the truth ever be known about Paul Pfeffer? He stood once convicted of murder, and then another admitted the crime of which he was accused. It looked as if Pieffer would so free.

And yet, with this prospect of a sew life before him, he could not leash the devil within him and live as a man among other men.

And that—whether he goes to be or the chair—is the puzzle of Paul **MEN PAST 40**

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and drugs, assess added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years. The Excelsion Institute is devoted ex-The Excelsor Institute is devoted ex-clusively to the treatment of diseases of mem of advancing years Men from all walks of life and from over 1,500 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting re-lief and a new zest in life.

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TOWN

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POISON WASN'T FAST ENOUGH

(Continued from nage 17)

speculated as to whether Ella had speculated as to whether and nou caught Lindley McKay in her spell, On the face of things, it seemed impossible. McKay was a quiet, solid citizen who, as far as McGinnis knew, didn't frequent the notorious Harris

on the other hand, it was appar-ently true that McKay had volun-tarily transferred his automobile over to Ella Harris. McGinnis picked up his telephone and called the county clerk. A moment later, he had verifield the story of the signing over of

the car.

McGinnis put through a call to the
office of Decatur Sheriff Roscoe Sinco. He relayed the facts as he had re-"Can you go over to Davis City and bring her in?" he saked. "I think we

oring ner in?" he saked. "I the should ask her some questions "I agree," Sinco said. "I'l within the hour." Sinco said, "I'll leave It was early evening of a bitter, blustering day when the sheriff esblustering day when the sheriff es-corted Elia Harris into the office of the county attorney. The plump womthe county attorney. The plump wom-an glared at McGinnia through her

an glared at McGinnis through her thick-lensed glasses. She said shrilly, "What's this about me and Lindley McKay? I hear you and Garland think I have something to do with his going away." "Sit down," McGinnis said. "I haven't said anything yet. But ac-cording to your own admission you were the last person to see McKay

around here." Ella Harris sat down heavily.
"That's right," she said. "I saw him go off with this woman yesterday af-termoon."

"How did they go?"
"In her car."

"In her car."
"How did they get through the county roads" They hadn't been plowed. They were impassable."
If McGinnis thought this statement would embarrass Ella Harris, he was wrong. She shrugged her shoulders. wrong. She shrugged her snoulce is.
"I don't know how they did it. I just

"Who was this woman?" "I don't know her name. It was the same weman he got in trouble with when he borrowed the money from me

McGinnis knew quite well that Ella was a convincing liar. He didn't believe her but he saw where she was lent him fifty-seven bucks to this woman. To pay me back, help this woman. To pay me back, before he went off, he gave me his car

before he went off, he gave me his car and told me to help myself to any stuff which was left in the house." "It seems to me," McGinnis said, "if there was any woman he was run-

ning around with, it must have been "Me?" Ella Harris said indignantly. "Tm a respectable married woman."
"You're married," conceded McGin-nis. "What about Cv Arthur?"

"If he wants to spend his pension money in my joint, that's his business. He left my house last September." This was news to McGinnis. "Why?" he asked. "Why did he Icave?"

"He never got along with my hus-McGinnis smiled at that, "And it

took him thirteen years to decide to leave?"

"Why not? He could never afford "Why not? He could never source to before. But last year his nicce in Denver left him some money and he sold some land he owned in Oscoola for thirteen hundred bucks. Then he went off."

MeGinnis nodded his head thought-fully. He said gravely, "Ella, I'm con-vinced that there is something very odd about Lindley McKay going off without even saying goodbye to his son. Moreover, I think you know something about it and I'm going to find out what it is."

"I don't know nothing. I'm a respectable woman who runs a respectable business. I don't want no trouble but, I warn you, I ain't afraid of it." Ella Harris wrapped her coat about her huge body and strode from the

county attorney's office McGinnis asked the sheriff to muster his deputies and look into Ella's recent activities, including the moster of whether or not she had been un-duly friendly with Lindley McKay. On the following day, Sheriff Sinco-reported that McKay had been seen

driving around with Ella Harris during the past three weeks ing the past three weeks. They had been together a great deal.

In addition, the deputies learned Elle's young granddaughter, Letty, had told a number of people that Cy Arthur had gone to California. He had left the house on a night when John Harris was in Oscola.

After receiving this information the county attorney was gravely dis-turbed. Apparently, both McKay and Arthur had disappeared at a time when each of them had a considerable

amount of cash. Neither had left word of his destination and the two had been quite friendly with McGinnis began to consider seriously if Ella had done away with the later he climbed in his car. drove

the Harris house and talked to John The old man was garrulous and on the point of senility. He talked at great length but when he had finished. McGinns was certain that the old man was not in any way involved in

Then McGinnis interviewed Letty. He said, "Do you recall the day that Cy Arthur left for California?"
"Why sure. I remember it quite

wny sure. I remember it quite well. It was right after we'd walked all one night." McGinnis blinked. "Who walked all night? And why?"

night? And why?
"Grandma and I It was a lovely night and I told Grandma I'd like to take a walk. She went with me. We walked around until midnight, then went back to the house. After a while we went out again and didn't come back until 5 in the morning."

"And Cy Arthur left that morning?" "That's right. Grandma had told me he was going. He was in bed when we got in. I just slept in the rocking chair until it was time to go to school "And you didn't see Arthur at all?"

The girl shook her head. "No. I told Grandma I ought to say goodbye to him but she said he'd be mad if I woke him up. He always liked to sleep late."

McGinnis left the Harris house,

drove into Davis City to pay a call at Ella's restaurant. The woman corat Elia's restaurant. The woman cou-roborated Letty's story.
"Sure," she said, "we walked all night. Is that a crime now? Cy Arthur left the next day. And what's all this got to do with me?"

Dio McGinnis was quite sure that it all had a great deal to do with Ella Harris. He also knew quite well that

When spring swept the country and melted the heavy snows, McGinnis, Since and a host of deputy sheriffs began an intensive search for the bodies of Cy Arthur and Lindley bodies of Cy Arthur and Lindley McKay. Carefully, they went over every foot of the 89-acre Harris farm.

be had no evidence to present to a grand jury. He returned to his office and confided his dire suspicions to

For a long while they uncovered nothing suspicious. Then, after tearing down a disused outhouse, sheriff came upon a pair of dirty identified as belonging to Cy Arthur.

these garments.
"You know," McGinnis said to
Sinco, "I am beginning to understand why we haven't found any bodies. lime in their outhouses for sanitary purposes. Quicklime could easily get rid of a corpse"

rid of a corpse."

More than a year went by. It was in the summer of 1937 that McGinnis learned that Ella had insured the life of Cy Arthur with an eastern com-pany for \$4000. Now, she had put in a claim for the cash on the theory that Cy Arthur was dead. However, when the company asked for a copy of the death certificate, Ella replied that there was none. She presumed Arthur was dead since she hadn't heard from him for almost two years. If McGinnis needed any buttressing of his murder theory, he now had it. Again he conferred with Sheriff

Arthur was a big man," he said "Elia couldn't have removed his body from the house alone. How do we know that they really were walking all night? That story always sounded crazy to me

So again McGinnis spoke to young Letty. Again she swore that she and

her grandmother had walked until 5 in the morning. "If you don't believe us," she said, "you can ask Bob McNelley." "What's he got to do with it?"

"We met him that night while we were walking. Grandma stopped and had a long talk with him. I went on ahead." Now Bob McNelley was a charac-

ter as unsavory as the food in Ella's restaurant. He was a petty thief whose driving license had been revoked for drunkenness. He was having learned to read or write. He knew Ella quite well since he visited her farm every day to pick up milk for his family. He was an

ideal candidate, thought McGinnis, for an accomplice in a double murder. But there still wasn't any evidence that would convince a grand jury McGinnis was in the frustrating position of a prosecutor, certain murder unable to do anything about it.

In February of 1938, Ella Harris was arrested for stealing hogs and in this case there was ample evidence She had paid three teen-aged boys to steal the pigs and they all testified against her. In addition, two patrons of her restaurant swore they had seen the animals in Ella's kitchen.

Ella swore that she was funocent, that the county authorities held a grudge against her. However, she was found guilty and sentenced to five years in the women's reformatory at Rockwell City. Now MeGinnis and the sheriff again

Now McGinnis and the sheriff again tred to turn up the missing bodies or at least enough of them to prove of 1838, they had found nothing.

On July 4th, Bob McNelley began to celebrate independence Jay. He days later. On the 6th, he engaged in a drunken altereation with a respectable farmer named Albert McGing and the state of the short of t

and the state of t

Mercheley seamed norman by that?"
"Why did you and Ella Harris kill
Cy Arthur and Lindley McKay?"
The muscles in McNelley's face
suddenly sagged. The color drained
from his checks.
"Me?", he said unconvincingly. "I

never killed no one. I don't know about Ella. She's tough. But I never did anything to either of those gus."
McKelley stood up under questioning for more than two hours. He was sent back to his cell while McGinnig communicated with Des Moines as a result of which two state agents, James Laurence and S. E. Cronkhite.

were dispatched to Leon to sid in the interrogation.

It was appears no been trained.

It was appears no been trained.

It was appears no been trained.

It was appeared to be the control of the control

those people know I'm suspected of killing Arthur they might form a mob."

'They might at that," said Laurence.

McNelley was taken to the state car and driven to Osceola. He was obviously nervous. Cronkhite decided to capitalize on McNelley's guilty fear of a mob.

"Better lie down on the floor when we get into town," said the agent. "Arthur's friends probably already have not that the re-coming in with the second that the second in the McNelley did so. By the time be reached his cell he was trembling." I don't want to stay here," he said. "Send me back to Leon." No one answered him. The cell

door clanged shut and he was left alone. He was left alone all the next day, too, while his guilt and fear gnawed at his conscience. By midnight he could stand it no longer. He demanded to see the local sheriff, George McQuern. "Pm scared," he said, "I saw a bunch of guys through my cell window today. Two of them had hig bulges in their pockets. Maybe they were bombs."

The sheepin looked much more worried than he actually was. He knew there was no danger of lynch law in Occeola but he did not impurt that information to his prisoner. "What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Call Dio McGinnis. Tell him if he'll get me back to Leon, I'll talk." McQuern promptly telephoned Mc-Ginnis. The county attorney got out of bed, climbed into his ear and drove to Oscoola. He arrived in the early morning hours. The Illiterate McNelley was pale and shaken as he confronted Mc-

"All right," the attorney said, "now what is it you want to fell me?" when is it you want to fell me? at the property of the t

thur, the would have deet anyway it and a constraint of the constr

up to his bedroom and finish him-John's away. You don't have to worm, about him.

McNelley didn't seem to be shocked at the idea of murder. However, he was curious as to Ella's motive. He said, "Why did you poison the old Eury?"

See money, you fool."
They had returned to the house, leaving Letty outside. Arthur lay unconscious in his bed, et a gun, Bob. You've got to shoot him."
McNolley did so. The bullet went through Arthur's chest, smashed into a clapboard a few inches from the board which held the hole and bullet burn. She also recovered the spent

With McNelley's aid, Ella took the body into her vegetable cellar. Sile burned the bloody bedelothes. McCinnis nodded grimly as he listend to this recital. "And what did she do with the body?"

"I never saw it again. Once she told me that she'd cut it up and burned it piecemeal in her furnase. add it to a medical school in Missold it to a medical school in Mis-

"All right," McGinnis said, "now what about Lindley McKay? Who killed him?" "I did," McNelley said. "But I couldn't help it. If I hadn't I would have been killed myself." "By whom?"

"Big Dan."
"And who is Big Dan?"
"That's the only name I ever knew him by," said McNelley. "He was a tough guy who used to hang out in



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ACORESS FRAYE

Rila's restaurant. I never even knew McKay until he had that public auc-tion sale. The night after the sale, Ella drove me over to his house. She told me then that she intended to do away with him and take all the money he had."

But, McNelley insisted, Ella Harris

had not asked him to be a party to the murder as she had in the case of Cy Arthur.

of Cy Arthur.
Some few days later, McNelley had been walking through the town when a car driven by Big Dan stopped. Big a car driven by Big Dan stopped. Big dered McNelley into the car. A little later, Big Dan stopped again and picked up McKay, presumably by arrangement. Then the trio drove our rangement. Then the trio drove our

Big Dan had stopped suddenly, or-dered McNelley out of the car. Dan got out himself, leaving McKay in the

got out ninesta, a...
front seat.
"Now," Big Dan said, "here's a gun.
You're going to kill McKay or Fm going to kill you."
"I was scared," McNelley told Mc-"I was scared," McNelley told McGmins. "I didn't want to do it. But Big Dan swore he'd kill me, so what could I do' I went around the side of the car, pushed the gun muzzle through the window and shot McKay in the head."

"What about the body this time?" "Big Dan drove off with it in the car. I waiked back to town. I never saw the body again."

"Did Ella Harris ever mention this killing to you afterwards?" "She sure did. I was in her place the next day. She winked at me and said, 'Well, I got rid of McKay, all THE URGE TO KILL

was pouring through the bedroom window when he awoke, The day-light seemed to chase his fears away.

He went downstairs to cook himself breakfast. The morning newspaper

breakiast. The morning hewspaper was at the door. He scanned it quickly and nervously and saw nothing about his wife or his mother-

March 3rd, that he walked into po-

second important phase of his murder mother were dead. He entered the office of Detective

He entered the office of Detective George Wait, in charge of the Missing Persons Bureau. "Wait," Powell said with a tremor in his voice, "I am wor-ried about my wife and her mother, Night before last they went to the

picture show and didn't come back.
At first I wasn't too worried, thinking

they may have spent the night with friends, as they often do, but they

friends, as they often do, but they haven't come back and I'm sfraid something has happened to them." Detective Wait had a poker face. He

took the data, didn't seem concerned, and assured Powell that the case would be investigated. Powell wasn't

tive action, because he wanted no de-

lay in getting his hands on the Speer

He felt relieved and ate a hearty breakfast.
It wasn't until two days later, on

(Continued from page 51)

right." McNelley hadn't replied. McGinnis did not for a minute be-McGinnis did not for a minute be-lieve the story of Big Dan. This, he knew, was a character invented by McNelley to condone his own part in the McKay killing. But McGinnis be-lieved every word that McKelley had spoken of Ella.

Arrangements were made for Sherarrangements were made for sheriff Sinco to pick up McNelley and
take him back to Leon. McGinnis
managed a few hours sleep at an Osceola hotel, then went to Rockwell
City, where he interviewed Ella Har-

ris at the reformatory The county attorney had taken State Agents Laurence and Cronkhite along with him. They questioned Ella

along with him. They questioned Ella Harris in relays. At first, the woman flatly denied all complicity in the crimes confessed to by McNelley. Then at last she lost her temper. She cried, "I didn't kill anyone! I didn't hire anyone to shoot McKay.

I never poisoned Arthur. I never de-stroyed the burned piece of elaphoard or recovered the bullet. It's all lies." The officers looked at each other. It seemed as if Ella Harris had at last made a mistake.

"What clapboard?" McGinnis asked. "It's true a piece of clapboard was destroyed. But how did you know about it?" You asked me about it a little while ago.

"No. we didn't. None of us mentioned the clapboard which McNelley teld us about. So how did you know about it?"

There was but one answer to this and if Ella Harris made it she would brand herself guilty. Now she broke

When he walked out of police headquarters, he went to the newspaper office, gave the city editor the stor adding little touches he knew would excite the heart of any editor. The next morning the Jacksonville papers carried the disappearance of Kate and

Mrs. Lou Speer in streamer head-The news stories jarred the police into action. Detectives came to talk to Powell. He had his story ready. His wife and mother had left three nights before for the picture show. He described what they were, took the detectives to the closets to show

that these garments were gone. Then Powell added the information that his mother-in-law, a fine woman, had the habit of carrying large sums on her person, and on this night Pow-ell had pleaded with her to leave the \$300 she had in her purse at home. Several nights before, Powell added, Mrs. Speer had been accosted by a man on the street and had escaped only because some friends came along. Other detectives were at the picture

show. Here they were told that neither Mrs. Speer nor her daughter had been seen at the show that night Friends of the two women were quesned and none recalled seeing them at that time. As usual, the excite-ment following the publication of the story brought wild tales. Several persons at the show were certain they had seen a stranger lurking outside the show and that they saw him ac-cost two women they were certain were Mrs. Speer and Kate.

Powell let the excitement simmer for several days, and when it began to die down, he got in the car and drove out to Hogan Creek, three miles down. She offered to write a confes-sion to the killing of Cy Arthur. McGinnis handed ber a fountain pen and a sheet of paper. The woman wrote: "I gave Cy the poison and it didn't kill him. Bob shot him and Bob carried his body out of the bed-room into the vegetable cave and that is the last I heard tell of bim."

After she had signed this document she regained her composure. She refused to admit that she had anything to do with the death of McKay. She would not concede she had destroyed the body of Cv Arthur.

It was quite possible that, in com-mon with most laymen, Ella Harris believed that she could not legally be convicted of murder if the bodies of the victims were not recovered. In that she was wrong.

that she was wrong.

The authorities never found any fragment of the Arthur or McKay corpses. Nevertheless, Ela Harris and Bob McNelley were tried on a first-degree murder ebarge before Judge Homer Fuller in Leon.

On July 12th, 1933, a jury found them both guilty of the two killings. Judge Puller sentenced the pair to

Hige representation of the control o

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names, Jack Raine and Letty. are fictitious.

south of Jacksonville. He dropped a necketbook of Mrs. Speer's along a side road he knew was traveled torn and bloody \$5 bill, and a calling card of Mrs. Speer.

Fate played into his hand. Late that afternoon the news spread that the pocketbook of Mrs. Speer, bloodstained with only a torn and bloody bill in it, had been found by a youth who lived near Hogan Creek. rose to the occasion with an indignant demand that the police drain Hogan Creek. They did, but no bodies were

That night Powell sat in the living room of the Speer home and sipped room at the Speer home and sipped Scotch and soda and felt wonderful. Every part of his murder plan was working out perfectly. The finding of the bloody pocketbook had established in the public mind that Mrs. Speer and her daughter had met with foul play. All this was Powell's build-up to have Mrs. Speer and his wife declared legally dead and the fortune

turned over to him. He slept late the next morning. At 10 o'clock the shrill ringing of the phone awakened him. He answered it pnone awakened him. He answered it sleepily, over the wire came the cold voice of Inspector Ed Acosta, "The bodies of two women were found early this moraning in Lofton Creek near Dead River Landing by two fishermen. Get over to headquarters

at once."
Powell was only able to gulp, "Yes, I'll be right there. And as he hung up, the world seemed to have suddenly crumbled under his feet. The bodies found! It was impossible. Then his fear

taking any chances on waiting until the police got excited over the dis-appearance of his wife and her mother. He needed quick and effec-

There was no assurance these were the bodies of Kate and Mrs. Speer. They were found at some dis-

into the creek Even if they were the bodies of Kate and her mother, the police had no evidence he had killed them. Powell's confidence wasn't too great as he hurried to police bendquarters. When he got there County Detective Sidney H. Hurlbert was waiting for him and ushered him into Inspector Acosta's office. Sheriff Rex Sweat was with the inspector. The two men was with the inspector. The two men eyed Powell suspiciously and Powell felt a cold chill pass over his body. "To save time," Inspector Acosta said to Powell, "we'll drive up to the funeral home. Dr. Kfillinger, the medical examiner, is already there."

The trip was made in silence. Powell's brain was doing some fast think-ing. When he was taken into the funeral home to view the bodies, all bope that they were not his wife and her mother faded. The faces were so

would be identified by dental work and fingerprints. So he said, "I be-lieve that is Kate. Yes, that's Kate and Mrs. Speer!" The medical examiner said, "The killer was smart, but not quite smart enough. If he had cut deeper into the stomachs, the bodies would have had no gas and wouldn't have come to the top, even after the current broke the ropes Powell gulped. If he had only cut deeper, but there was no use crying over spilt milk. He stammered, "But who killed them? Who would kill

bloated that they were not recogniza-

but the wounds told the story.

Powell knew that in time the bodies

Inspector Acosta didn't Inspector Acosta didn't try to answer that question until he had Powell back in his office. Then he said, "Suppose you answer the ques-tion who killed them. You have a pretty long record of murder, and we have learned some things about you and your wife. We talked with her She called him the other afternoon and told him to start divorce proceedings against you. Her mother also told him she was going to change her will so you wouldn't get any of her money. That night they were

"They were murdered when they went to the picture show," Powell spoke easily now, his confidence spoke easily now, his confidence strong. "Katie and I did have an argument. Katie was quick-tempered. you know. But we made it up and it was forgotten before she and her mother went to the show."
"We'll see." Acosta answered.

He and Sheriff Sweat got up and He and Sheriff Sweat got up and left the office. State's Attorney John J. Harrell walked in and with Detec-tive Jim Meads and County Detective Powell, who had his less crossed and ministerial-looking face beaming with a smile of triump

"What did you do the night your wife and mother disappeared?" Harrell asked. "Just give me a running account of your activities that night.

The state's attorney's voice was low deceiving. It made Powell feel a little jumpy. He stammered an answer, not quite sure just what he should say. After that he tried to turn the questioning back to Harrell. "If you think you can convict me on that flimsy evidence," he boasted, "you're a bigger fool than I believe." "Probably I am," Harrell agreed with a smile. "Let's get back to your

This questioning went on for ove an hour. Inspector Acosta and Sheriff Creek, trying to find where the bodies figured that the current would not take the bodies far no more than a mile after getting free from the ropes. guess paid dividends. A mile and a half from where the bodies were half from where the bodies were found, the two officers saw the tire tracks and the footprints. At the edge bodies had been pushed through the mud. One had caught on a rock out in the creek and a part of a blanket was there. When they examined this blanket the officers found it covered

with bloodstains.
"The killer." Inspector Acosta said, "didn't seem to be worried about footprints. When we get plaster easts of these, we may find we have something

The murderer " Rev Sweet odded "never expected the bodies to come to the surface. If he had cut a little deeper into the stomachs gas wouldn't have formed and the hodies wouldn't have come to the top when the ropes "We'll soon find out," Acosta answered, "Get to a telephone and have swered. "Get to a telephone and have Doctor Dyrenforth come out to take plaster casts of the tire and foot-

Sheriff Sweat left to find a telephone in the area. Acosta walked along the bank to make sure the killer hadn't left other morks of his work He hadn't gone far until he came upon the ashes of the fire. The footprints around the fire looked so similar to those at the spot where the bodies had been thrown in the river that Acosta placed a stick in the ground so he could find the spot easily. Dr. L. R. Dyrenforth, of the criminal laboratory, arrived. He took casts of the tire tracks and footprints. Acasta took him to where the ashes of the fire lay. Dyrenforth examined them, pulled out several unburned pieces of cloth.

is where the burned the clothes of the dead wom-en," he said, "These ashes could easily prove far more important than the tire tracks and footprints Acosta and Sweat returned to Jacksonville. State's Attorney Harrell was still questioning Powell, who wasn't quite so cocky now. Technicians had quite so cocky now. Technicians had gone over every inch of the Speer house and had found traces of blood left after Powell had washed the

The traces were not large enough for tests to determine whether they were animal or human, but Powell didn't know this. He said, "Those bloodstains came from the raw meat we feed our dog. You'll probably find the same traces in the car because I hauled the meat to the house by car "Why did you go to such trouble to wash these stains up?" Harrell questioned. "If you had to wash the floor, that mest must have been pretty

Powell felt his stomach turn over He didn't have a ready answer and the case with which Harrell was questioning him made him nervous. "Kate was a particular housewife," answered. "She was always washhe answered. "She was always wash-ing things up."

"A careful housewife would have seen to it that the bloody meat wasn't Can A Man My Age

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thrown all over the floor," Harrell commented. "We're going to have to hold you, Powell, until we can check your story. We have the right to hold you on suspicion of murder."

Powell shrugged. He had expect-

rowell snrugged. He had expect-ed this and he felt relieved to be away from Harrell. He wanted to be alone. As he walked out of the office, Harrell smiled at him. It affected Powell like the smile of death.

Powell like the smile of death.

The medical examiner's report on
the autopsy gave the time of death as
the raight Powell said his wife and
the raight Powell said his wife and
death was compound fractures of the
skull. Neither of the women had
been criminally attacked. The report
and no other information of any value.
checking Powell's actions since the
had got out of prison. They found
that he had been having affairs with
two women and that his wife had come home suddenly and caught him in their home with one of the women They also got definite figures from the Speer attorney on just how much Mrs.

Speer attorney on just how much Mrs. Speer put up for Powell's defense in his last trial for murder. But none of this information was of value in proving Powell had com-mitted the murder. State's Attorney Harrell said to Acosta, "Powell is no fool and is an old hand at murder. I am ready to give odds that those tire tracks and footprints won't be worth a thin dime as cyldence."

Harrell was right. Dyrenforth made a comparison of the plaster casts with the tires on Powell's car. They did not match. He had gotten all the shees worn by Powell in the Speer house, and had taken a cast of the ones he was wearing. None of these matched the footprints found along the creek Harrell was right. Dyrenforth made

bank.
"We'll have to forget about these tracks," Harrell said. "And if we don't find something fast, some little don't find something fast, some little wedge in his murder plan, we can't hold him much longer. Dyrenforth had the laboratory report on the ashes of the clothes. He had the assistance of E. R. Donaldson, associate scientist for the FBI, lo

help him in examining the ashes.

The two had done a thorough job.
One piece of white cloth, which hadn't burned badly, had a cleaner's mark on it, and using violet rays Dyrenforth

and Donaldson had brought out this mark and it had been identified as the cleaner used for Mrs. Speer's

clothes.
"The murderer burned the clothes at that spot," Dyrenforth explained. "The murderer burned the clothes at that spot," Dyrenforth explained. We are the spot of t wasn't a part of the dress.

He handed Inspector Acosta a small piece with one button on it. Acosta studied it. Then he looked at Harrell. "All right, Harrell, you said you needed a wedge to break down Pow-ell's perfect crime," he exclaimed. "I have the wedge right here and watch how I can use it A half hour later Powell lay on the

cot in his cell, staring up at the ceil He smoked a cigarette, showed little outward concern that he was in a cell. Harrell's questions had worried him, hut on second thought, they hadn't amounted to much. They could keep him in the cell until tomorrow and he was considering the advisa-bility of hiring a lawyer. Yet he hesitated because he didn't want to spend money that wasn't necessary and he didn't like lawyers as none had kept him out of prison in the past.
The door to his cell opened and De-

tective Meads was standing there, looking at him with a funny expres-sion on his face. Powell swung his Powell swung his legs off the cot and sat up.
"What now?" he demanded.

what now?" he demanded. "You letting me out of this dump?"
"The Inspector wants to ask you a question." Meads answered. "It won't take long." "Questions!" Powell grunted. "All they do is ask questions. Why don't they find the murderer of my wife

mother-in-law? "Maybe they have." was Meads' curt Powell looked at him, didn't like Powell looked at him, than that the tone of his voice. Detective Meads started walking down the corridor and Powell followed. He was

taken to the office of State's Attorney Harrell, where besides Harrell, Acosta and Dyrenforth were waiting for him.
"Sit down," Accets said to him.
He did, not too comfortably. The whole air of that office seemed charged with some terrific explosion that would go off at any moment. "You say you weren't near Lofton Creek the night your wife and her mother were murdered," Acosta shot

Powell squirmed in his chair. He wondered why he was jittery. The question was simple and the answer simpler. He said, "I haven't been to Lotton Creek for months."

"You're a liar, Powell," Acosta "You're a list, Fowell," Acosta picked up the peculiar looking picce of cloth Dyrenforth had found in the ashes. "You were out there and you

burned the women's clothes. Look at this piece of cloth. It was found among those ashes." Powell looked at the cloth. It was from his vest, the one Kate had bought him, the silk plaid vest. The full im-pact of the discovery of that piece of

his vest hit Powell with a shuddering "You took the women's clothes out there to burn," Acosta was saying. "In your hurry you grabbed your vest."

Acosta's words seemed to die away for the panic-stricken Powell. vest! He remembered seeing it in the closet. Acosta was right. He had taken it with Kate's hat and coat. Harrell was shooting questions at him now. Harrell's voice wasn't easy and casual as it had been. It was like a sharp-pointed dagger jabbing at his heart. Powell tried to answer. He got mixed up. He was alone now. That was all he could feel. Nobody was ready to fight for him. He had never been alone before when charged with murder. Then it came out where he had buried the tires. He was sob-bing and his hody was shaking. They took him back to his cell.

Detective Meads went to where he said he had buried the tires and shoes. He found them. Three months later Powell was brought to trial. He had a lawyer and he pleaded not guilty.

But no fortune was at his fingertips to fight back. He was alone and only a shell of his former self on that night of Janu-ary 5th, 1937, when he walked through the little door to the death house. Three minutes later he was dead.

THE END

MURDER BY FIRE

(Continued from page 56)

the victim's husband," McAyov said. "I hope we're right." "But what would this woman be doing here?" asked Marron.
"That should be fairly obvious," the
lieutenant continued. "Since she was married, she'd hardly be keeping a married, she'd hardly be keeping a rendezvous here in the middle of the night with her husband. I'd say she was a dissatisfied wife who came here to meet another man. One of them hrought the wine, perhaps to ease their consciences. They quarease their consciences. They quar-reled and the man struck the woman over the head with the bottle. He may have killed her, or he may only have thought so. At any rate, he carried her downstairs and over to the kiln house, where he threw her into the furnace to dispose of the body. If Herrick had not heard her scream

-undoubtedly when she was hit-the

killer might have succeeded in concealing his crime. "I think you're right, Chief," Mar-ron declared. "But why did they choose this place?"

choose this place?"
"There may be two explanations.
First, because the yard was nearby
and secluded. But that poses the
question of how they got into this
locked building. Second, either the man or the woman—or both—might be employed here and have a key to

this place."
"The woman didn't work here," "The woman didn't work note, the manager put in nervously. "We have no one named Poleski on our payroll. And I don't believe any of our men would dare use company property for a meeting of that kind."
"Don't be too sure," McAvoy
warned. "We will want to question all of your employees and see what they have to say. But it's still pos-sible neither the slaver nor the vic-

tim had any connection with the yard. They might have broken in, say, through a window."
"But there's no glass broken anywhere," Walsh pointed out. "My pa-trolmen would have seen that." A window might have been unlocked—left that way on purpose and after entering the pair could have closed and locked it. The slayer easily could have carried the body out that way and shut the window

out that way and shut the window behind him-but be would have to leave it unlocked. "That's true." Walsh nodded. "So we'll go down and check the windows on the first floor," McAvoy continued. "They're the only ones close enough to the ground to enter. Then we'll get over to the East 11th floor the didness and see what we can

find there Before leaving, McAvoy picked up the pieces of the broken bottle and wrapped them in soft cloth. Marron also wrapped up the handbag. Both were carried away carefully, for thus

far they constituted the only evidence other than the charred corpse. A methodical check of the windows on the first floor at least proved Mc-Avoy to have been right. At the end of the hall leading to the main office, one window was unlocked. The bot-tom sash was raised a fraction of an inch from the sill. Don't touch that frame," McAvoy dered. "Fil get the fingerprint on right up here to dust it for ordered.

Advising the manager to be availabe for further questioning the de-tectives left the lumber yard, while the other officers remained on guard

At the police box on the corner McAvoy called headquarters and re-He also advised the lab men that he was bringing in the pieces of the bot-

McAvoy and Marron got into their squad car and drove six blocks uptown to the East Eleventh Street address printed on the light bill stub. there they found a drab, three-story brick building of ancient construc-tion. The name Poleski, penciled on a card tacked up in the lower hall-way, led them to a flat on the third Marron rapped soundly on the wooden door and stood back to await

But none came. Marron knocked again, harder and louder. But still no one replied. He tried the door and found it unlocked. Opening it, he and McAvov entered. They were con-McAvov entered. fronted by a tiny living room in great disorder. A table was overturned, rugs were askew and the curtains torn. A broken vase lay in bits in center of the room "There's been trouble here," Marron bserved. "Let's take a look in the

Lying on the rickety brass bed, thed in shirt and trousers, was a haggard man with curly black hair and sharp features. Blood streamed down his forehead and had spread over the pillow. His eyes were closed McAvoy strode over to the bed and shook the prostrate man's shoulders. He opened his eyes and asked thick-v. "What do you want?" Marron went

out to call an ambulance.
"What happened here?" demanded
the lieutenant. "Who are you?"
"I'm John Poleski," the injured man eplied, sinking back on the bed Somebody slugged me." But who did it?"

"It's hard for me to talk." Poleski replied. "I think I need a doctor. "You certainly do. An ambulance will be here shortly." Poleski lay still and silent while McAvoy administered first aid with cotton, gauge and disinfectant from the medicine chest in the tiny bathroom nearby. Soon the ambulance arrived and the

interne bent over the wounded man to make an examination. only a superficial scalp wound," he pronounced. "But we'd better get the patient to a hospital where we can take X-rays to make certain there isn't a fracture." Attendants carried Poleski out while the detectives followed and got into their squad car to tail the am-

bulance to the hospital. On the way Marron asked, "What do you make of the fact that both the weman and husband were struck over the head, apparently with the same in-strument?" "The slayer could have gone to

the Poleski flat either before or after

killing the woman and tried to kill her busband," McAyov said. At the hospital, McAvoy stopped off to question Poleski, while Marron drove on to headquarters with the pieces of broken bottle and the handbag. Poleski's scalo wound was stitched and dressed in the emergency ward, where McAvoy began question-

ing him.
"Where is your wife?" the lieu-tenant demanded. Alarm showed in the man's nale blue eyes. "Sophie went out early last night," he said. "I don't know

where she is." "I noticed a child's bed in one cor-ner of the bedroom." McAvov continued. "But it was empty. Do you have a child?"

"One son. He is in see with relatives for a vacation."

McAvoy hesitated for a few moments. Then he returned to his origination. "Who hit you?" he asked. "I can't remember," Poleski replied

olemnly. "But why are you here Why did you come to my apartment? Did the neighbors call you?" Poleski's lips trembled as he sensed the real reason. "Is it-is it Sophie!

"I'm afraid," McAvoy said gently, that I must tell you some bad news, Your must tell you some bad news. wife has been murdered. "No! No!" shrieked Poleski, spring-ig upright in bed. "Where is she! ing upright in bed. Let me go to her A nurse and an orderly rushed over and restrained him as McAvoy continued. "You can't leave here until they see the results of the X-rays, I'll be here to see you again in the morn-

Back at headquarters, McAvoy conmen had obtained several good prints from the window sash, Marron reported, as well as three from the neck of the broken green bottle which had remained intact. The handbag had yielded only smudged, useless prints Dawn colored the sky a deep pink over the East River as the wears detectives went off duty and returned

home for a few hours of sleep. It was early Tuesday, September 22nd 1925. Later that morning, McAvoy and Marron met again at headquarters. There they learned that the prints from the window sash and the bottle neck had been compared and were found identical. But a check of the prints with the files failed to match them with those of any known crimi-nal. Cones had been forwarded to State Police Headquarters and the Department of Justice in Washington for further checking

From headquarters, the detectives drove back to the hospital. They found Poleski fully dressed his head swathed in bandages, pacing the floor Thank goodness you've come," he

said eagerly. "I must see Sophie His eves were red from weening. The officers took Poleski outside the building and led him around to the city morgue, part of the Bellevue Hospital group. The morgue attendant escorted them down between long tiers and opened the door of one compartment. Deftly, he slid out the rack and flipped back the sheet which

Poleski stared down at the blackened body, his own face deathly pale.

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GALCO SALES CO. - Dept.X-614 7120 HABYARD AVE. . CLEVELAND S. C.... He shook violently from head to foot.
"Yes," he mounted in agony. "It's
Sophie! My poor Sophie!" Then he
burst into bysterical weeping and
turned away.

McAvoy motioned to the attendant to replace the body as he and Marron led the grief-stricken husband away. Outside the building, Poleski regained control of his emotions. McAvoy, sensing a psychological moment, asked, "Can you tell us all you can remember of the attack on you?" "All right," the husband nodded weakly. "Till try."

weakly. "I'll try."
"The X-rays are negative and the hospital has discharged you," McAvoy said. "Come on down to headquarters where we can get your statement on

On the way downtown in the squad car, Marron asked Poleski, who sat between them, 'What, exactly, bappened?'

Poleski said slowly, 'Before I knew what happened to my wife, I was trying to protect her. But it was Sophie who hit me on the head with a heavy candictstek.'

Sophie who hit me on the head with a heavy candlestack."
"Go on," the lieutenant urged.
"We had a terrific fight at the flat,"
Poleski continued. "For the last three months, I suspected Sophie of going aut with other men and I accused her.

months, I suspected Sopnie of going out with other men and I accused her of it. She told me to mind my own business. Then she slugged me, knocked me out cold. I woke up lying on the bed, and she was gone. I don't know how long I had been unconscious. I was still im a daze when you officers arrived."

"Have won ""

"Have you any idea who these men were that your wife was dating?" Marron asked.

"I never caught her, so I don't know for sure. But I do know she used to spend a lot of time at a speakeasy

to spend a lot of time at a speakeasy down the street from our home. I don't know what the attraction was there, but I don't think it was liquor because she drank very little."
At besdquarter, Polen was the Additional of the statement of the statement and the detectives led him into the Identification Buresu to be fingerprinted.

Half an hour later, the fingerprint men brought in their report of a comparison of Poleski's prints with those taken from the window sash and the bottle fragment. They did not match.

"You've in the clear, Policik," the Herical To a proper of the clear o

the fiery kiln.

After driving Poleski to his flat, McAvoy and Marron stopped off at the
lumber yard and learned that the interrogation of the employees had pro-

duced nothing conclusive. A canvass of the neighborhood around the yard also failed to turn up any witnesses. "Our best bet," McAvoy told Marron, "is to try and get a line on the man or men Sophie was dating on the side." With the address furnished by Poleski, the detectives visited the

speakcasy near his home where he said his wife had spent so much time. "We'll have to turn this place in to the Federal Prohibition Agents," McAvoy acknowledged. "But if we let the owners know we're cops, we may have difficulty cettine any in-

may have difficulty getting any information."

"How about getting chummy with some local sports in the neighborhood and persuading them to get us in the place!" Marron suggested. This the detectives did. Posing as bookies, they struck up a conversation at a cigar store directly below the second-floor speakessy. Soon they

asked the crowd where they could get a drink. It was a simple matter from then on. In the kitchen of the converted flat where the drinks were served. Me-Avoy shortly won the comfidence of the bartender. Casually, he asked if a woman sawering the description of Sophie Poleski had been there recently. The press did not yet have

centry. And press and not yet never her identity.

"Oh, you mean Sophie!" the barkeep repliced readily with a grin and a sly wink. "No wonder you're looking for her. What a woman! She likes a good time, all right. She was in

a good time, all right. She was in here only last night.

"Yeah?" McAvoy countered, straining to be casual. "Was the same guy with her?"

"You mean the big fellow? Sure,

"You mean the bug fellow? Sure, he was with her. They left about 2 A. M. and took a bottle of wine with fem. I wanted to close up."

I wanted to close up."

I wanted to close up."

Where does not be a little under the weather. Where does that big up work?

The lumber yard over on Lewis the best that the best that the second of the lumber was done the best that the best was the best that the best was the best that the second of the s

that's why he's such a giant. He totes those heavy pieces of wood around all day."

McAvoy broke off their conversation as soon as he reasonably could.

tion as soon as he reasonably could.

Then he slipped over to Marron in another room and gave him the slip to leave.

At headquarters they stopped off to pack up two fungerurist men. There

they learned the result of an autopsy performed by Dr. Benjaman Schwartz, Deputy Medical Examiner, on Mrs. Poleski's body shortly after her husband had identified the state of the state o

was not the blow on her head, but a combination of suffocation and fourthdegree burns!

"Great Scott!" gasped McAvoy. "She may have regained consciousness in that inferne and suffored the tortures.

that inferno and sunered the tortures of the dammed print experts, the detectives drove directly to the lumber yard. There they went to the manager's office and explained their mission, describing the victum's last known companion. Vividity in their hidves who already had been questioned when the property of the prop

tioned as a matter of routine. The astounded manager had the same thought. "The only man who could answer that description is George Siamaniuk," he replied. "He's signature-over six and a half feet tall and strong as a buil. But he's never and the signature over the same strong as a buil. But he's never the same signature of the

"Where is he now?" McAvoy snapped.
"Out in the yard somewhere. We'll

have to go looking for him. Control along,"
Led to the manager has been along, and a second a s

assiled aways two the East Miversafer him. McAvoy fired two shots which narrowly missed the fleeing man. The frightened glain ducked, tripped and fell headlong on the region of the control of the control around his beefy wristle around his beef with the work of the form a way before you knew what we want we

"I was scared you might think I had something to do with that murder there list night," the prisoner replied. "The other cops who talked to me this morning didn't say so, but I know that's what they were thinking."

Rhow that's wrist they we're trimeing. The didn't you have something to divertify it is thappen. The big man declared. "I saw the guy throw that woman in the furnace and run away. But I was scared to tell. I knew somebody, would try to put it on me."

But I was scared to tell, I knew somebody would try to pin it on me"

"What were you doing here last night?" Marron asked.

"Oh, I left my lunchbox here and came back after it," he replied lamely. The detectives exchanged a knowing look.

At headquarters, Simmanuk was booked on suspiceon of murder and fingerprinted. His prints were rushed at once to the Identification Bureau for comparison with those in the evidence. Shortly, the reporters Simmanuic and the evidence of the comparison with the evidence of the comparison of the evidence of the evidence

facing the detectives.

McAvoy picked up the typewritten
report, scanned it and then looked directly at the prisoner.

"George Stamanuk," he declared,

"your Engerprints match those found on the window such of the main building at the yard, where the murderentered, and on the bottle with which Sophie Poleski was struck on the bead. Come clean! Now, why did you kill her?"

Still without emotion, the giant blinked and replied, "I thought she was trying to poison me." "What?" the lieutenant asked incredulously. As a stenographer took down his confession, Siamaniuk told a weird and brutal tale. He had met Sophie Poleski in the speakeasy and im-mediately had fallen in love with the dark-haired, full-figured matron. For a long time, he insisted, he did not she was married. found out, he pleaded with her to get a divorce and marry him. For the a divorce and marry him. For the Siamaniuk then decided to break off with Sophie Poleski, he continued, and started going out with other women. When she discovered this he said, she threatened to poison On the night of the crime they had gone from the speakeasy to the de-serted lumber yard because he knew they would be alone there. They had entered tirrough the gap in the fence Upstairs in the storeroom, she had offered the bottle of wine to him and he noticed it had been opened since he noticed it had been opened since they left the speakeasy. Suspicious that ahe had slipped some poison in it, he decided not to touch it, but in it, he decided not to touch as the insisted he take a drink.

"I tasted it and it was bad." Siamaniuk said. "Then I saw red. Before aniuk said. "Then I saw red. Before I knew what I was doing. I struck her over the head with the bottle. She dropped to the floor and I thought she was dead. I was scared. I knew I had to get rid of the body. Then I thought of the kin furnaces I used It was then that he carried the limp body of his paramour down-stairs, through the window by which they had entered and to the kiln house. There he fired up one furnace, house. There he had up one lurnace, tossed the body inside, slammed the door and fled door and fled.
Assistant District Attorney William
P. Ryan of District Attorney Josh A.
Banton's office, who bad listened to
the coafession, promptly presented
the evidence to be New York County
Grand Jury. The panel swiftly re-

Grand Jury. The panel swan turned an indictment charging t prisoner with first-degree murder. prisoner with first-degree murder.

While awaiting trial, Stamaniuk
was committed to the psychopathic
ward of Bellevue Hosnital for obser-

vation and subsequently was found to In January, 1926, he was placed on trial before Judge William Rosalsky and a jury in General Sessions Court. In the midst of the trial, he suddenly entered a plea of guilty to seconddegree murder, thus escaning the electric chair. On February 26th, 1926, Judge Ro-salsky sentenced George Siamaniuk to 20 years to life imprisonment for the inhuman crime he had committed. At the same time, the judge for-warded a request to the New York State Parole Board that this mur-derer he kept in prison for the re-limited that the state of the re-turned of the re-turned that the state of the re-turned from 1926, Siamaniuk was trans-ferred from Sing Sing to Cinton Pri-son at Dannemora, where he has since remained.

CRIME AT HILLDROP CRESCENT

(Continued from page 47)

In subsequent conversations with Cora's friends, Crippen grimly stuck to the main thesis of his story concerning her disappearance, although minor discrepancies. At last he came up with the statement that, actually, his wife had died in San Francisco; she had been cremated and the ashes had been sent to him for interment cremation on religious grounds. didn't you notify us so that we could attend the last rites?" he demanded he demanded. "Oh, I thought best that the services be very, very private," the doctor replied Forbes decided the time finally had come to take action. Late in June he went to the office of Chief Inspector Walter Dew and told him the entire Dew. like Cora's friends, was inclined to be circumspect, particularly investigation disclosed that Crippen had previously been un-touched by scandal and bore an ex-cellent reputation among his business associates. It wasn't until July 8th that he and Sergeant John Mitchell paid a call at No. 39 Hilldrop Crescent. They found Miss Montclair there, and directed them to Crippen's office

As soon as the officers announced

their identity, Crippen showed signs

their identity, Crippen showed signs of being extremely upset.

"I had better tell you the absolute truth, gentlemen," he stammered. "I made up that story about Core's death and cremation to save myself from possible humiliation—I'm afraid she

doctor to his home. A search turned up clothing, furs and jewelry that be-longed to the missing woman. "Why do you suppose she didn't take these things with her?" the chief inspector demanded.
"I haven't the slightest idea," Crip pen said, "except that she apparently left in an awful hurry. That's what made me think it was an elopement Dew glanced quizzically at Crippen and then at Lisa Montelair, whose made no effort to explain. "Well" "we simply have got to find your Matter of routine, you understand. I'll have circulars on her printed and sent all over Britain and the Continent. Also, I'll see that adverabout her are placed in several news-papers in the United States." "Can't you wait a few weeks before you do that?" Crippen pleaded. "No, we had better act right away," the chief inspector said grimly. When the doctor showed up at his When the doctor showed up at his office the following morning, he ap-peared so agitated that one of his as-sistants, Walter Ford, asked him if he weren't feeling well. "Oh, it's nothing, nothing, Walter," Crippen replied. "Just a case of

some people doing too much silly talk-

may have taken up with another man. For all I know, she can still be alive. She—she just dropped out of sight on February 1st, and because of things

February 1st, and because of things she said in the past I suspect she went to America. That's all I can tell you." Dew and Mitchell went with the



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INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE 1920 Sureyside Ave., Dopt. 1628, Chicago 40, III ing. By the way, do you mind going down to Oxford Street on an errand for me?"

Ford assented and the doctor hands

Ford assented, and the doctor handed him some banknotes and a slip of paper. "I want you to buy the articles of boy's clothing on this list," he said. "You can tell the clerk the lad is 16 and not too large for his age. I want a brown tweed suit, a felf that size sux and one-half, some shirts and collars, shoes. Well, it's all on the list. Be

a brown tweed suit, a felt hat size six sind one-half, some shirts and collars, some shirts and collars. For the suit of the s

portant business trip."

Hawley Harvey Crippen was off on a trip, all right, but it certainly had nothing to do with business. He scurred back to Hilldrop Crescent, handed the boy's clothing to Lisa Montair, and ordered her to don the dischar, and ordered her to don the dischar.

guise.

It was obvious that Miss Montelair apparently had subordinated her will completely to that of her lover. She always did his exact bidding without asking questions. Furthermore, she was completely in the dark as to the manner of Mirs. Crippen's disappear-

To alter his own appearance, Cripen shaved of his mustache and goatee, discarded his glasses, and put. The transformations completed, the dector and has youthful materies took before the control of the

agench himself "M", Rootineut" and Back in London, on the 12th, Chile Back in London, on the 12th, Chile Back in London, on the 12th, Chile Shar in the Market in the Chile Shar in the Chile Back in the Chile Shar in the Chile Sh

on our knees and probed about with a small poker which I had got out of the kitchen. The poker went is a small poker which I had got out of the interest at statisty between the crevices of the bricks, and I managed to get one or two up, and then several others came up pretty easily. I then got a spade from the garden and dug the spade from the garden and dug the the bricks. After digging down to tabut a depth of four spadefuls I came across what appeared to be human remains.

Marsball, a police surgeon, Sir Mel-

ville MacNaughten, chief of the Crimnal Investigation Department, and other officers to the scene. Continued digging exposed the complete skeletal framework of a human being. Portions of scalp and long hairs still adhered to the skull. Besides the bones, a few hair curlers and some feminine

hered to the skull. Besides the bones, a few hair curlers and some feminine clothing were found.

Without doubt, the bones and rotting flesh were all that remained of Cora. Turner. Crippen, otherwise known as Belle Elmore.

known as Belle Elmore.
The gristly cellar find was removed
to a mortuary, where the Scotland
Yard experts went to work on it. They
definitely established that the victum
bad been female, and that her measurements corresponded to those of
Mrs. Crippen. Moreover, they discovered strong indications that death
had been caused by polson.

had been caused by polson.

"An entirely logical means of murder for a medical man like Crippen,"
Dew told Mitchell. "Let's have an
immediate survey of all chemists'
shops with which the doctor, in bebalf of Munyon's, had any dealings."

It was quickly established that there were several such shops. In all but one Crippen's purchases had been in all out one Crippen's purchases had been cords of Lewis and Burrows, however, there was a significant entry dated he 18th of January. The sheet read:

The 18th of January The sheet read:

The 18th of January The sheet read:

The 18th of January The sheet read the 18th of January The 18th of January The 18th of January The 18th of 18th of January The 18th of 18th of

scientific analysis employed by Scotinal Yard, assisted Dew and Mitchellour Distriction of the Control of the Con

Inspector Dew to older his "wanted appeal.
Walter Ford came forward to tell how Crippen had sent him out to make the purchases of boy's clothing. 'Tm familiar with Miss Montclan, sir.' he told Dew, 'and if you ask me, those things I bought would be a

pretty good aft for her.

As a result of this information, Dewinformed British and Continental authorities that Crippen's companion probably was masquerading as a boy.

"You know," Sergeant Mitchell pointed out, 'Dr. Crippen came originally from America, and he may be heading back there. Don't you failing

police on the other side should be alerted?"
"That is being done, both for the States and Canada," the chief inspector said. "Twe spent a small fortune in cable tolls. Come to think of it, at this very moment Crippon and Miss Montelair may be on shipboard, and

Dew drafted a detailed description of the crime and the missing suspects, and Scotland Yard men took the message around to all the shpping companies for transmission via the wireless to their ships at sea. Among the vessels whose acriais picked up the bulletin was, of course, the Montrous, just a few days out of harmer pan globuling scross be Assented to the property of the property o

Then there was the matter of Junjor's figure. The brown tweed suiior's figure. The brown tweed suitialed to conceal curves and contours which were undensibly feminine. Junior's voice and handling of knife and fork at the table were decidedly ladylike. Captain Kendall answered Dew's

Captain Kendall answered Dew's bulletin with an immediate message. "Keeping couple under observation," he said. "Doing nothing to slarm them."

A promontory called Father Point was the first port of call for the Mont-

A promontory clause frainter Fount was the first port of call for the Montroze on the American mainland, and it was at this point that the ship picked up a pilot Checking with marine officials, Chief Inspector Dew found that he could beat the Montroze to Father Point if he embarked at once on a faster boat. It was the 31st of July when a pilot it was the 31st of July when a pilot

vessel came alongside the Montrose off Father Point and Dew climbed the ladder. Kendall escorted him to the Robinson cabin and threw open the door.

"Impector Devi" gasped Hawige Harvey Citypen "This is impossible" "Some people still think the wrace people still the people sti

bright shead, and my money has come to an end, have made up my mind to upun powerboard.

Tanks a close of Chief Inspector Dew, Crippen news had a chance to carry out this threat. He and Lisa Montplair were premuty returned to

carry out this threat. He and Lissa Montclair were promptly returned to Ringland to face justice. The middle-aged doctor went on trial first, in Old Bailey, on October 18th. After three days of testimony it took a jury only 20 minutes to find him guilty as charged, and he was sen-

took a jury only 20 minutes to find him guilty as charged, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

Lisa Montelair's true) on charges of being an account the murder of the montel of the control of the The last act in the drama of Hildrop Crescent took place at gloomy Pentorville Prison on November 22nd, 1910,

Crescent took place at gloomy Pentorville Prison on November 22nd, 1916, when Hawley Harvey Crippen mounted the steps to the gallows and the trap was sprung.

Entron's Norm: The name, Lisa Montelair, is fic-

DOUBLE DEATH IN THE TRAILER CAMP

(Continued from page 35)

body against the side door of the body against the sale dots as the trailer and catapulted inside as the lock broke. He gyrated quickly to avoid falling over the body of a pow-erfully built man attired in a white shirt and tweed trousers. A blood-encrusted bullet hole stared like a malevolent third eve from his right

A strikingly handsome woman gowned in a gray dress with canaryyellow stripes, lay on a nearby settee. She appeared fast asleep, with a bruceleted left arm flung across her chest, the other arm tucked beneath the flowing black hair. But a bullet hole in her left temple, from which blood had spewed upon the pillow convinced the detectives that the

woman would never awaken.

With shocked trailer park residents tion, the detectives had little difficulty learning the identity of the dead

Despite the fact that the doors and suicide was quickly discarded. was no sign of a gun anywhere with-in the trailer. "It's a double murder, nothing else," was Captain Mays' grim decision. "But I have a hunch this trailer is just over the city line. may be out of our jurisdiction An officer, soon dispatched to a nearby firehouse confirmed the fact that the trailer park was out of the city limits, and in Pittsylvania Coun-ty. Within a short while Sergeant George Wilson had radioed an alarm to the county seat, 15 miles away, then urged his own dispatcher to locate Dr. H. H. Hammer, the coroner, and have him come to the death scene. Despite the overpowering odor in the trailer, Sergeant Link, a trained fingerprint expert, set to work. He on which still reposed three dessert plates containing moldy remnants of cake, and to the smooth plywood paneling on both sides of the entrance Sheriff Dabney Hall, Deputy Hol-and Thomas, Trooper E. B. Archer and Carrington Thompson, brilliant young county prosecutor, arrived. City officers propelled them through a throng of spectators jamming the streets surrounding the trailer lot.

preliminary examination with speed, preliminary examination with specific "Both bodies are hadly decomposed. I'd say they have been in the trailer for at least four or five days," he infor at least four or five days," he in-formed. "The bullets were fired at close range. There are distinct power burns around each penetration." The fact that a third plate was on table suggested that the slaver had been a guest at the last meal of the murdered couple. But the position of the bodies refuted this. Osterberg apparently had laid down nap before washing the dishes," theorized Sheriff Hall, "But she nap before washing the dishes," theorized Sheriff Hall. "But she wouldn't do that if a visitor was present. The husband, obviously, was still at the table. The way I see it still at the tause. Inc way 1 sec 1, the killer came in the door, shot the man first, then took just one step across the trailer and ripped a bullet into the woman's head before she could make a move."

But Archer, a canny officer of over

20 years' experience, demurred. t know about that, Dabney, the dinner guest was someone the differ guest was someone usey knew well, she'd lie down without thinking twice. Maybe it was some-one the husband knew. Maybe, for one the husband knew. Maybe, for instance, someone that had dropped in from one of these." He sweet an arm around at the parked trailers Even as an orderly interrogation of Even as an orderry matrix gastas we the trailer park residents was being set in motion, Link soon balanced a disappointing report that he had failed to lift any alien prints in the trailer by revealing that two exploded .22-caliber shells had been found near a wash basin. "Another thing, Dr. Hammer turned over the man's wallet

And from what I've already heard By dusk the officers were almost certain that the killer would not be plucked from the trailer park resi-dents. Nearly all of them held down well-paying jobs, and the great per-centage of the men were devoted hus-bands and fathers. Not a one, during the exhaustive interrogation, aroused so much as a flicker of suspicion However, a number of unusual facts

Except for some cards, not a dollar in

emerged from the interrogation and the inch-by-inch examination of trailer. First, not a single one of the trailer park residents recalled bearing the lethal shots, or any other suspicious sound. Secondly, Osteraberg, whom they had sized up as fun-loving, untroubled man, one eventure of the state of the ning had talked of his experiences as an M. P. during World War II while stationed in Algiers, and had suddenly become morose and serious man-nered. "He'd caught a G. I. selling in the black market," a waitress re-lated. "The G. I. knifed Osterberg in the back—he showed me the scar Bill just about busted his skull open, and the G. I, swore he'd pay for it. Bill said he heard later the guy had died, and it seemed to bother him Third, in a narrow closet of the trailer, Sergeant Link found the fortune-telling paraphernalia of the slain woman. Marring the glowing surface of the crystal ball was a thick smudge of blood. Another blood smear was found on the front of a low-cut velvet sown. And, finally, a lewel box lying on top of a shelf and jam-packed with earrings, pendants and brace-

As the officials strove to drop these oddly cut facts within the proper niches of the murder puzzle, Captain Mays soon reported that he had found two witnesses with some highly il-luminating information. These were two women who occupied the second floor rear apartment over the grocery which the trailer camp operator had true to her determination, closed and shuttered over a week ago

lets, had been untouched.

"The young woman and her mother were away in the country, and just got back," revealed Captain Manya.
"The murders just about floored them,
but they remembered a couple of things that will knock you over, too, or I miss my guess."

As Sheriff Hall listened carefully

Mays passed on what he had learned from the rear anartment occupants. He said that over a week ago, the mother had been alone while her

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daughter attended a movie with her between the control of the cont

and all E quiet."
"And that's all?" demanded Hall, a bit disappointed.
"No, not quite. This part Tuesday, "No, not quite, heard someone call out. But the same of the same of the window, and there you have to the window, and the repeated a man standing there. But motody answers him. Instead, the light blink off in the trailer. So the fellow walks away again."

Mays, Sheriff Hall hurried to the apartment Both women promptly confirmed the information of the Danylle officer. But despite the almost desperate urgings of the sheriff, they were completely unable to enlarge the vague description proviously given to Laptain Mays, proviously given to Laptain Mays, dery, like a football player. That's just about all I can tell you," sixed just about all I can tell you," sixed

Despite the intriguing development of a nysterious stranger who came twice to valt the Otterberg and came twice to valt the Otterberg and captain Mays leaned to a theory that appeared to be solidly pegged. The appeared to be solidly pegged. The didn't mind carrying, it around. So did the woman. We find him with an bery. We'd better start bearing down on a kill-craxy punk, someone who on a kill-craxy punk, someone who first the pulled in.

and a quickly agreed that the double sixymag could have been the prelude to a plotted robbery. Accordingly, to a plotted robbery. Accordingly, in the control of the control of the time of the control of the control of the plotted with the control of the control spilled into the city headquarters began quasitoning the sustered by the control of the control of the theory of the control of the control of the theory of the control of the control of the theory of the control of the control of the theory of the control of the control of the control of a control of the control of the control of the control of a control of the control

fortun-tellier.
The mysterious slavings became a headlined senation in the state press headlined senation in the state press are supported to the state press where the service of the state press where the seer head once resided, soon where the seer had once resided, soon where the seer had once resided, soon the state of the sta

divorced a man in West Virginia in order to marry the wattime M.P. and steeplejack. "This fellow used to work for a stationery store," he of-fered, "and was crary about her, and was crary about her, and was crary about her, and the stationery store, which was crary about her and the stationery store, and the stationery store and the stationery store and the stationery stationers. The point is this—could he have been the one who came to the trailer and the stationers. The stationers is a stationers and the stationers are stationers and the stationers are stationers.

to treat a friend?"

Hall promptly dispatched Deputy
Thomas to the railway center approximately 100 miles to the west. And
since the lead appeared to generate
a good head of steam, Archer, the
state officer, devided in accompany

a good head of steam, Archer, the state officer, decided to accompany the deputy. Meanwhile, some of the Danville detectives concentrated on another off-best possibility—the chance that the soldier who during wartime had borne a bitter hatried for Osterberg

bonne introvinstred for Osterberg bonne in training despite the promined vengeance. A series of wire and telephone messages were exchanged between the Virginia authorities and Army Intelligence at the Pentagon. Full details were given, but the best the detectives were given, but the best the detectives angle would be probed by intelligence agents and a report made "as



soon as possible." Since this, conceivably, could mean anywhere from a matter of hours to weeks, the detectives began a parallel move to determine whether anyone had trailed the couple from their last stop in Alabams, or whether anyone had lurked bains, of whicher anyone has sursed suspiciously on the trailer grounds. By late afternoon, despite the wide latitude of the probe, not a single, well-defined suspect had been un-covered. A handful of riff-raff, with feeble or non-existent alibes for the murder date, were kept in basement cells as a precautionary measure pending further investigation. The remainder who had been caught up in the dragnet were soon released to the murky waters of sidestreet taverns, dingy rooming houses and hangouts the Dan River waterfront Then, as if to emphasize the wall of negation looming before the baffled officials. Deputy Holland soon called "The ex-husband angle is strictly out of line. He's a respected business-man. Didn't have a bit of trouble proving he hasn't been out of West

man. Didn't have a bit of trouble proving he hazn't been out of West Virginia for the past month. We're coming back."

At a little past 8 P.M. that night Sheriff Hall huddled with the Danville detectives in a skull session at hesdquarters. With nothing tamplibe to go on, they once more began an exploration of possibilities. And, as exploration of possibilities. And, as aware of 8 sway-haired, rudgly-complexioned man, seemingly in his early guidens a side entrance listensed and the state of slacks and a white shirt, open at the farmest. Hall started at him guestion-travel. Hall started at him guestion to the state of the state of slacks and a white shirt, open at the travel in the state of the state of slacks and a white shirt, open at the travel of slacks and a white shirt, open at the travel of slacks and a white shirt, open at the travel of slacks and a white shirt of slacks and the slack and the sl

"Sure, Sergeant, but I did want to mention one thing to you. I tried to tell Chaney, and he was busy. You better check and see if those killings better check and see if those killings of the control of

"Ölay, Jeff, we'll give it consideration. See you later." As the man turned and walked off, Link Jaughed a wry apology. "That's such seek ferson Black, a mechanic serous serves," street," be explained to Hall. "Blangaround here quite a bit. He's got a yen to be a cop. Always gives us tips on the toughies. None ever amounted to much."

Hall nodded. "Just the same, it might not be as crazy as it sounds. We could do worse than wring out the possibility that someone actually got into a killing rage because the madame gave the wrong advice to a customer."

A cocentration of settivity along the channel the Galowing day. These the channel the Galowing day. These control of the channel of the Galowing day. The company of the channel of the ch

the of the control of

threatened the 'legger," a state official revealed. "Said he needed money des-perately because he had killed a man and woman in Virginia and wanted to get out of the country. We've got a road line on him and there's a chance we'll call you back in a very short while" A little over three hours later—early morning of April 27th—the North Carolina officials telephoned back with

An itinerant carnival worker Otic An itinerant carnival wotker, our Mengler, aged 31, had been arrested. After brief questioning, he had con-fessed to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Osterberg. He had avoided revealing fortune-teller once gave him some rotten advice."

"He's been drinking heavily and "He's been drinking heavily and we're going to wait awhile before pressing him for further details." the

orth Carolina official advised. However, after a succession of telefor Sheriff Hall, Deputy Holland and Trooper Archer to proceed to Hickory, North Carolina, where the confessed slayer would be turned over to them. The prisoner had always and the confessed he prisoner had already waived extradition proceedings, and indicated a wish to "make a clean breast of those killings" Arriving in Hickory, the Virginia

officials went straight to police headouncass went straight to police head-quarters, where they were cordulally received by Chief Ed Lentz, a shrewd veteran. And Lentz sent a shaft of icy air spearing down their spines by sayhow he left the bodies, told us about the dishes on the table. But I caught him in a couple of discrepancies. For instance, he says he caught a Scaboard train out of Danville. There is no such train out of that city. Another thing, when questioned about where thing, when questioned about where Mrs. Osterberg gave him the bad ad-vice during a sitting, he first named Mobile, Alabama, and just a short time later seemed certain it was near Greensboro, North Carolina. Wait, Fill et you size him up." The confessed slayer was soon led into the chief's office. Hall and Archer into the chief's office. Hall and Archer exchanged uncertain glances as they caught sight of the bony, one-eyed prisoner. A slender, disheveled care-crow, attired in a torn windbreaker, khaki shirt and solled trousers, he favored the officials with a fearful

look, then moodily began studying the But any instinctive doubt that such a timid shell could be a cunning muy derer lessened considerably as Hall up on certain points, but he certainly killed the man and woman. The mahad in Bristol, that she would bring him only grief and heartache. In monosyllabic tones, readily agreed to accompany the offi-

the double murder The return of Mengler to Danville stirred up a wave of relief in the city. But even as the local newspapers headlined the arrest of the killer Sheriff Hall felt vaguely dissatisfied For one thing, he couldn't cruse from his mind the way Chief Lentz had his finite one way Crief Lentz had kept regarding the prisoner, back at the Hickory headquarters, with a quizzical, boring look of doubt. The chief's canny intuition, when it came to criminals, was almost a legend in the Middle Atlantic area. For another,

Mengler declined to give any amplyfying details, but kept parroting his recollection of the way the bodies were left and the motive ere sett and the motive. Hall made known his doubts to Captain Mays, and the prisoner was once more brought before the county and city officials. Asked if he would reenact the crime and indicate the route he took to the murder scene Youte he took to the murger scene and the manner in which he left, Mengler nodded. "Sure, why not?" But hardly had he voiced his will. ingness when he plumped himself

ingness when he plumped nimself back in a chair, waved a hand in token of resignation. "I can't do it. Ain't no use me trying to fool you any

longer."
"What do you mean?" demanded
Captain Mays.
The man spread trembling hands. The man spread trembling names, "I'm really sorry. I'd been drinking When those cops down in Caro lina took me, I got a crazy notion my girl would sit up and take notice. I didn't mean to trouble you honestly " Within a comparatively short time the officials became certain the scare-erow's "confession" was sheer fantasy. The officials, weary and depressed conferred as to their next move. During the conference the telephone rang, and Sergeant Link caught the call. The others, waiting patiently, heard vasue references to a telephone call that had been previously made, and then Link was thanking the caller. making a parting comment, "Certainly sounds interesting, we'll look into it. What was that number again?" Hastily, he scrawled down a number again thanked the caller and hung up. The others waited expectantly as he was the manager at the funeral home. a friend of mine. A man called him early today, saked him about the place of burisl of Mr. and Mrs. Osterberg. of burial of Mr. and Mrs. Court of burial of Mr. and Mrs. Court of burial of Mr. and Mrs. Court of burial of Mrs. Court of burial of burial of Mrs. Court of burial of bur But then this fellow gets real in-quisitive—he wants to know about the quisitive—he wants to know about the stage of decomposition and whether any bullets had been found in the bodies. My friend said he didn't know, but if he secured this informa-

he'd call back. Later on this was police information ngured this was ponce intermation and called back to suggest it could be gotten from us. But a woman an-swered. She said she hadn't tele-phoned and didn't know who hadphoned lass clean; know we hour Sheriff Hall frowned, clearly puzzled. "Odd, if nothing more. What was the number?" "Here it is—3891-W. Let's look it

up."
The number proved to be one asban Danville. Hall arose, said softly, "Somebody there may be mistaken. Either that, or it was the wrong num-Wouldn't hurt to take a run out

Accompanied by Sergeant Link, Hall quickly drove to the listed address. An attractive woman met them at the door. She emphatically denied making the mysterious telephone call "Does anyone clse live at this ad-"Yes," the woman nodded.

He's a mechanic. He came to board with us a few weeks ago."

"Jeff:" echoed Link. A look of chagrin, mingled with understanding, spun across his face. "You mean, I'll bet, Thomas Jefferson Black," he ventured wearfly. "Works down near po-lice headquarters." The woman appeared surprised by the quick recognition. "Do you know

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Londorlies And; Wille Way lest sheir more tree or years and the send of the sen

him? He does work by the police."
Link sighed. "Yes m'am." He knew
Thomas Jefferson Black, all right—the
would-be sleuth, the budding Sterlock Holmes who had sent them on a
wild-goose chase with a curiosty impelled telephone call to a funeral
parior.

Or was it? Had it been simple curionity—on perhaps the ambittous move

of a fiedgling detective?
Link, almost convinced this was the
simple answer to the strange telephone call, was about to turn away
when the woman volunteered. There
is a chance Jeff called the funeral
is a chance Jeff called the funeral
But we were all interested in White
Ruth was going to be buried."
"Ruth" repeated Hall, his eyes
""and hair's interest. "You

Ruth was going to be buried.

Wedening with quick internet even
Wedening with quick internet. You
Rhew Mirs. Osterberg that well!"
She nodeds, said sadly. "Yes, inShe nodeds, said sadly. "Yes, inshe was in the Darville area. But she
the was in the Darville area. But she
tidn't this time. I don't know why.
I was terribly shocked when I read of
it was terribly shocked when I read of
I saked Jeff ib he'd known she was in
town, but he said he didn't until he
read of the way she and her husband

hadn't he mentioned this?

After hanking the woman, the officials hurried back to headquarters. Hall, pacing restlessly in Captain May's office, cautioned against any hasty conclusions. "It could be just a weird coincidence, and nothing more. After all, we've had one character to plague us with a confession that sounded artheritie enough, but want!

stripe."

Archer said, thoughtfully, "Those questions he put to the undertaker, about decomposition and whether the buillets were found. He could have hoping to give us dumb cops something to work on. On the other hand, his curiosity might have come from

"The state investigator mopped his swest-dampened face slowly, as if he himself was doubtful the question could be answered with some degree of plausibility. "Bullets recovered from the body of a murder victim can

be a dangerous piece of evidence for a killer-if-he's been careless enough to beep the gun."

The property of the property of the property of the gun around. "Are you trying to give us the high sign that Black could have called the undertaker because he called the undertaker because he the one that killed the Osterbergs?"

Twould like to answer you in one word—yet. But that was a long ride word—yet. But that was a long ride with the control of the property o

was Archer's dry rejoinder.

Hall grimaced. "Let's don't keep seeing spooks because of Mengler. Crackpots like him have balled up many a murder investigation. Black, soft-shoeing around headquarters and questioning the undertaker, seems to be another. But there's still one thing I can't get out of my mind—if he was in the seem of the seem of the seems of the mention an important fact like knowing the murder victim? Like being ber chamfleur before she married!" bet chamfleur before she married!" of considerable discussion in a conterence that lasted past minight. It finally broke up with the officials determent that leave the seems of the seems of the was worthy of some undivided at-

Sarby the next day city detectives and the county investigators, along with Archer, the state sleuth, plunged in. Moving discreetly, the officials began questioning a number of his friends and acquaintances. In this manner, they stumbled over two quick morsels of information that excited them considerably.

Ched their consucratory.

One the came from a tax-indriver.

One the came from a recently sold a revolver to a bootlegger known in the waterfront hangoust as "Jiggs". The second was to the effect that a respectable housewife residing in the hamilet of Ringold, seven miles east a Damille had one "recommended a Damille had one "recommended as the second seven the second second seven the second se

"Why did he leave?" asked Sheriff Hall.
Her answer came matter-of-factly.
"Well, when she met Bill Osterberg, and started going with him. Jeff was getting." The woman broke off suddenly. A hand leaped to her mouth, as if she suddenly realized she had said the wrong thing.
"How was Jeff getting?" prodded.

She shuddered "Goodness, this is swfull I don't want to say such things about a person. Why, you might drag him right into this case." Hall told ber, in clipped tones, "[TI] be honest with you. Jeff Black is already a suspect in the murder of the Osterbergs'.

ter her. So she had to discharge him."

The officials stared at the woman in riveted silence. Before them, now.

oomed a provocative picture-the infatuated chauffeur, skimming along Florida, Georgia and Carolina roads, with his adoration of the magnetic secress; then the intrusion of Osterberg, the frenzied plea to marry him instead, and finally, when re-jected, the festering of resentment into a murderous hate Was this, then, the bizarre answer

to the double slaying? Was Thomas Jefferson Black the jealousy goaded newly acquired groom? Less than four hours later the belief that the curtain of mystery surrounding the traffer slaying was falling apart, became an electrifying certainty to the men at the Danville Police

For the bootlegger "Jiggs," quickly found by Archer and Link, led them found by Archer and Link, led them to a pawnshop operator who surren-dered a 32-caliber Smith & Wessen revolver. The bootlegger had given Black \$11 for the gun, and promptly pawned it for \$20. "It wasn't the money I was after. I just decided I was breaking the law having a gun without a permit," he frankly de-clared.

An urgent message to the Smith & Wesson Company at Springfield, Massachusetts, soon brought the information that the revolver, carrying the serial number specified in the telegram, had been sold to a hardware company at Freeman, Kentucky, in 1943. And in practically no time the Freeman police telephoned that rec-ords of the hardware company revealed the gun had been sold on November 3rd, 1943, to the slain fortune-teller, who had signed for the weapon in the name of her first

"That just about does it," declared Sheriff Hall grimly. "T'm certain that Black knew where she kept the gun, aged to pilfer it without any trouble. and her daughter saw on two occasions was Black. That would explain the remark they overheard, This is a fine way to treat an old friend.' Osterberg was unquestionably fed up with his attempts to see his wife, and sent him packing. But Black came back the part time and killed them as he found them. They never had a chance.

Black was placed under arrest shortly after dusk that same day. April 28th. Taken to the Danville headquarters where he had often discussed crime procedure with the detectives and the police officers, Black appeared little perturbed that the wheel of fortune had taken a full turn, and he was

now regarded as a killer "The spring fever must have hit all of you guys. I didn't murder anybody, and the whole thing was just bad judgement on my part," he declared. "What do you mean?" demanded Link, a skilled interrogator who had been selected for the initial question-

"I'm talking about the gun," he responded calmly, "I never should pulse to do something is overpowering. I took the gun and sold it, all right. Why I did it, I'll never know. They were already dead, and I should have called the police."

He soon enlarged this ne soon enlarged this puzzing statement. Speaking with deliberate and persuasive calm, Black asserted that late Wednesday, April 21st, he had walked to the Osterberg trailer the intention of visiting the

"I knocked on the trailer door." he related, "and no one answered. I awhile, but would be back. I tried the door, and it was open. I saw them right away. You know how you feel when you see something as terrible as that—you want to run but you can't. You're all nerves and putty. I knew what had happened—Bill had killed Ruth and then shot himself. probably aner an argument over me.

Right then things got clear for me.

I felt that if I reported the deaths,
everyone would talk about me. It
would even make me look guilty. The gun was lying on the table. I picked it up and walked out. I didn't touch

anyth ything else you interested whether the bullets were recovered, if you were innocent of any wrong-domg?" pressed Link.

doing? presses time.
Black favored him with a patient smile. "Remember, Sergeant, I've admitted responsibility for taking the gun. You could have been me to the case with those bullets, just like you're trying to do now. But I was too fond of those people. I'd never kill them. It was murder and suicide, nothing else."

As state newspapers splashed the solution to the strange trailer murders, army intelligence agents re-ported that the soldier who allegedly had once threatened Osterberg had been found. He admitted a recollection of his affray with the victim, but established an unassailable althion the date of the murder he was serving with an army port unit in Tokyo, Japan, thousands of miles

away. away.
On July 21st, 1948, the accused slayer was placed on trial in the Pittsylvania County Courthouse, at Chatham, Virginia. Commonwealth's Attorney Carrington Thompson had barely concluded presenting a damning array of circumstantial evidence when Black's defense attorneys requested a conference with the prosecutor and the presiding jurist, Judge Kennon C. Whittle.

The crowded courtroom soon became aware of the significance behind was discarding his firmsy robe of complete innocence A short time later the ex-chauffeur,

thwarted suitor and amateur sleuth entered a plea of guilty to murder in the second degree. Judge Whittle promptly sentenced him to a total of 100 years imprison-

ment-50 years at hard labor on each of the two murder counts Although Black's conviction and the pronouncement of stern punishment brought a formal conclusion to the bizarre case, there was still another odd happening. On the following afternoon, county officials went to a of the slain seeress for shipment to her relatives. Everything was intact exfound it shattered in a thousand frag-

Just how it bad broken, no one could explain.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The name, Otis Menaler, is ficti-











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Maria Habn

MANIAC AT LARGE

"How so lovely a girl as Maria Hahn could have been hood-winked by the Maniac at Large, Peter Kurten, into a phony elopement is beyond me. Couldn't a gal like that do better than that murderous little punk?" Gertrude Mason

Gary, Indiana



Rose Gaylock FRITOR'S CORRECTION-In the June, 1955, issue of

MASTER DETECTIVE the story,

Death of a Hired Killer, contained a misstatement of fact

in the details of the battle

between Robles and the police. First reports stated only one

detective - Frank Malerba was protected by a bulletproof yest, and our story fol-

lowed this information. Actually, each of the six officers

allowed on the floor wore pro-

tective vests, by order of Chief

Nielson. These vests saved the

lives of Lieutenant Dauner

and Detective Hefferen, who

Jean Liger TO EACH HIS OWN

"The Frenchman in the story in June MD-Murder at the Temple Of Love-certainly was the exception to the rule. I suppose this is another example of the modern blanket characterization of any race, nationality or type. The individual must be judged on his own merits or not at all." Elise Melchiorre Omaha, Nebraska

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